The Last, by Gary Hopkins

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[Part One]

(Wind blowing across a flat plain. A woman of mature years speaks.)
EXCELSIOR: Good people of Bortresoye. My people, my dear people. It is with a heavy heart that I speak to you on a matter of the utmost importance to us all. As you know, for far too long a dark cloud has hung over the safety and security of our realm. A cloud which has grown ever more menacing, and which I fear cannot now be lifted by peaceful stop! Stop, stop.
VOSS: My lady Excelsior is displeased with the text? It isn't too late for final adjustments to be made. A word change here, an altered syntax there. You have only to say and it will be done.
EXCELSIOR: The text is fine, Minister Voss. Hardly poetry, but more than adequate for the occasion. My make-up, on the other hand, is an absolute disaster! Where's my make-up assistant? I want him here now!
VOSS: If I may be so bold, my lady, you look radiant. Ask my Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace. Do you not think our lady Excelsior is looking particularly radiant today?
TRALFINIAL: Indeed. My Right Honourable friend the Minister for War speaks the truth.
EXCELSIOR: Don't patronise me, Minister Tralfinial. Nor you, Minister Voss. You're politicians, not beauticians. Now where's the make-up assistant?
ASSISTANT: Here, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Well, get on with it, fool. You can see what needs to be done.
ASSISTANT: I can, my lady?
EXCELSIOR: The wig has slipped a little to one side. The skin at my jawline must be tightened again. Just a notch or two, and be very careful. I don't want it to split in the middle of my broadcast.
ASSISTANT: No, my lady.
TRALFINIAL: (sotto) Talk to her, Voss. Explain.
VOSS: (sotto) Yes, yes, I know. (normal) Er, my lady, our people should be given as much warning as possible about the terrible danger they face. Terrible and imminent danger.
EXCELSIOR: I'm aware of that, Minister Voss.
VOSS: They'll want to prepare themselves, say their goodbyes.
EXCELSIOR: You make it sound like the end of the world approaches, Minister. We're fighting a war which is not yet lost and can still be won. You do believe that, don't you.
VOSS: Of course.
EXCELSIOR: It would be a great shame if you were to lose faith on the eve of our victory.
VOSS: There's no question of that happening. Of my losing faith, I mean. Or indeed of not winning the war. Of course we'll win the war.
EXCELSIOR: Good. I'm glad to hear it. Ow! What are you doing, you idiot? Trying to strangle me with my own face?
ASSISTANT: Sorry, my lady.
TRALFINIAL: What my Right Honourable friend the Minister for War, is trying to say, is that those who have shelters must be allowed one last opportunity to retreat into them before it's too late.
VOSS: It may soon be too late.
TRALFINIAL: The people are looking to you for guidance and protection, my lady.
VOSS: You have to let them know that you are safe, that you're still in control.
TRALFINIAL: That you haven't abandoned them.

EXCELSIOR: Oh, choose your words carefully, Minister Tralfinial. I would never abandon my people, you know that. They know that.
TRALFINIAL: They don't know that their government is in a protective bunker deep underground.
EXCELSIOR: And they won't know, unless someone who doesn't value his life tells them.
VOSS: It certainly won't come from me, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: What about you, my Minister for Peace?
TRALFINIAL: When the war is over, the people will need someone to lead them. Someone they can trust.
VOSS: My Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace is referring to you, of course, my lady. We should proceed with the broadcast.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, very well. But it concerns me that I won't be seen at my best. High standards must be maintained, after all. Slackness and indiscipline are not to be tolerated.
TRALFINIAL: In the circumstances, I'm sure our people will understand.
VOSS: Signal your readiness, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, get on with it, Minister Voss, otherwise I may change my mind.
VOSS: Replay the fanfare.
EXCELSIOR: Good people of Bortresoye. My people, my dear people. It is with a heavy heart that I speak to you on a matter of the utmost importance to us all. As you know, for far too long a dark cloud has hung over the safety and security of our realm. A cloud which has grown ever more menacing and which, I fear, cannot now be lifted by peaceful means. Even as I bring you this message, there are forces preparing to launch an attack that represents a genuine threat to our future. I have therefore been left with no alternative but to authorise the use of comparable force, which will drive from our borders all who seek to encroach upon them. I do this in the name of Bortresoye. As in every conflict, there will be casualties. We must expect that. It is the nature of war. But after war there will be peace, and I shall be there to lead you into a bright new future! My people, the hopes and wishes of Excelsior go with you.
(Pause.)
VOSS: Your words will give them strength, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Never mind the words, you fool. My jawline has split. Have that idiot make-up assistant executed!
(Feet in heavy boots.)
ASSISTANT: No, my lady. Please.
EXCELSIOR: Keep his skin. At least that will be of some use.
(The make-up assistant screams.)

DOCTOR: Charley? C'Rizz? I told you not to go wandering off. I told you we'd lose each other if we became separated. But you wouldn't listen to me. Now look what's happened. Charley, you must be somewhere. You can't be far away. Charley! Charley! Is that you, C'Rizz? I can see someone. Shout if you can hear my voice. Is that you, Charley? Charley? I know you. I *knew* you. Katarina? Katarina, the little handmaiden from Troy, years ago. But you died. You're dead. You sacrificed yourself to save others, to save me. It is you, isn't it. It is you. Oh Katarina, I'm so, so sorry. I tried to keep you safe and I let you down. I should have left you where you were. Instead, I gave you hope and watched you die. Please forgive me. There's someone with you. Who is it? Oh no, no, no, no, no, that's not possible. Adric? No, it's not possible. You and Katarina never met. This is an illusion. It's all in my mind. Or else I'm going mad. Why are you doing this? What is to be gained by it. Why are you tormenting me?
KRO'KA: Tormenting you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, you're tormenting me. Why are you tormenting me?
KRO'KA: I thought you'd be pleased to see some old friends.
DOCTOR: Adric and Katarina are dead, and it gives me no pleasure to see them alive when I know that they are dead. It's an illusion, a figment of my imagination. Take it away.

KRO'KA: Life. Death. What's the difference?
DOCTOR: A very great difference when you're dead.
KRO'KA: How do you know? How can you be sure? Have you ever asked a dead person
DOCTOR: Don't play games with me, Kro'Ka. It's bad enough that I'm trapped on this world without your resurrecting images from my past that are calculated to cause pain.
KRO'KA: Images?
DOCTOR: Spectres, ghosts, call them what you will.
KRO'KA: Your dead friends will be disappointed to learn that their appearance causes you such pain.
DOCTOR: It's the fact that they're dead which causes me the pain. That I could have done more to help them when they were alive.
KRO'KA: Ah. Guilt.
DOCTOR: Guilt, yes, to some extent. They travelled with me, they trusted me. Anyway, there's nothing more I can do about it. I can't bring them back any more than you can, Kro'Ka, for all your tricks and mind games.
KRO'KA: The power of the Kro'Ka may be greater than you realise. It would be a mistake to underestimate me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: The only real power you seem to have is keeping the Tardis hidden. But I'll find it. If I'm forced to cross every zone and search every inch of this planet, I will find it. Maybe you haven't heard. I don't give in easily.
KRO'KA: Search where you will. Search long and hard.
DOCTOR: I intend to. The Tardis is here somewhere.
KRO'KA: Your search will be a longer one still if it isn't.
DOCTOR: If it isn't? Another mind game, Kro'Ka? Where's the Tardis!
KRO'KA: That would be telling. Patience, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You take away my last hope and expect me to be patient? What manner of creature are you?
KRO'KA: What manner of creature would you like me to be?
DOCTOR: I'm not going to listen to any more of your riddles. Where are Charley and C'Rizz? What have you done with them?
KRO'KA: Nothing. Your young friends are waiting for you in the next zone.
DOCTOR: Then I would like to join them, with your permission.
KRO'KA: They trust you, Doctor. They have faith in you. It's all a question of faith. Life and death, Doctor. Life and death. The end of one journey is the beginning of another. (echoes)

(Walking on broken plate glass in a howling wind.)
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor, over here!
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Over here!
DOCTOR: Charley, thank goodness you're all right.
CHARLEY: Where have you been? We thought you'd got stuck in the Interzone. We were worried about you.
DOCTOR: I got waylaid by the Kro'Ka.
CHARLEY: Anything important?
DOCTOR: No, not really. Just the usual nonsense. Where's C'Rizz?
CHARLEY: Sheltering from the wind. We took turns to look out for you. Come on, this way. Oh, watch your footing. It's all loose.
DOCTOR: Sorry I was so long getting here.
CHARLEY: Oh, you haven't missed anything. It's dark and cold, mainly, with little patches of sunlight between the clouds. What do you suppose happened to this place?
DOCTOR: It must have been a city once. Not so long ago, judging by the rubble. Weeks, maybe days. Nature hasn't started reclaiming it yet.
CHARLEY: It's more glass than rubble. These buildings must have been made entirely of glass.
DOCTOR: Possibly, but I don't think so. I'm afraid there's another explanation.
CHARLEY: Oh, through here, Doctor. Follow me.

DOCTOR: Is this it? Doesn't look very safe.
CHARLEY: It's better than nothing. Come on.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte?
CHARLEY: It's us.
C'RIZZ: We were beginning to wonder if you'd left us here on our own, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't do that. We're a team. We go everywhere together. Isn't that right, Charley?
CHARLEY: For better or worse.
DOCTOR: On this occasion I think worse. We seem to have arrived in one of the most inhospitable places imaginable. Although something tells me it wasn't always like this. Have you seen any signs of life since you've been here?
CHARLEY: None that we recognise.
C'RIZZ: It was too cold for us to stay outside for long, and we didn't want to go too far away from the Interzone portal in case we missed you.
DOCTOR: Quite right. Good thinking. Do you know where we are?
CHARLEY: The ground floor of some building, what's left of it. We weren't exactly spoilt for choice. Most of the other buildings have been flattened. Earthquake, do you think?
DOCTOR: Not earthquake. Bomb.
CHARLEY: Doctor, how many bombs would it take to cause this amount of damage? A hundred? Thousand?
DOCTOR: Just the one.
CHARLEY: Just the one?
DOCTOR: One very powerful, very ugly, bomb. A bomb from which there's little chance of escape for anyone or anything caught within its radius of destruction. A nuclear bomb. An explosive device which taps into the energy source of the planet itself, which can transmute steel and concrete into glass and wipe out whole civilisations at a single stroke.
CHARLEY: Thousands of people would live in a city this size.
DOCTOR: Tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions.
C'RIZZ: Maybe everyone left the city before the bomb exploded, which is why we haven't seen any signs of life.
DOCTOR: Let's hope so, but even if they hadn't left the city it's highly unlikely that we'd find signs of life. And if there were some who survived the explosion, then they'd have to survive the fall-out from it, and the nuclear winter you now see outside.
C'RIZZ: But it's possible.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's possible.
CHARLEY: Could it have been an accident?
DOCTOR: That's also possible. We're guessing. We don't know for sure what happened here. All I'm sure about is that we can't stay. There's probably some lethal radiation.
CHARLEY: The Kro'Ka must have sent us here for a reason. He won't let us go until, well, whatever it is has been achieved. We're stuck here, Doctor. We're trapped.

(Printer rattling.)
VOSS: It's estimated that the number of casualties worldwide is in the region of sixty million, from a total population of seventy five million. So we live to fight another day.
TRALFINIAL: Haven't you had enough of fighting, Voss? Hasn't all this taught you anything? Aren't you satisfied?
EXCELSIOR: Now the war is over, there's a new peace to be built. Your portfolio, Minister Tralfinial.
TRALFINIAL: The figures my Right Honourable friend the Minister for War presents are incorrect, my lady.
VOSS: They are estimates.
TRALFINIAL: They are fiction!
EXCELSIOR: Silence. I will not have my ministers bickering with each other. Is that understood?

TRALFINIAL: My Right Honourable friend the Minister for War underestimates the seriousness of what has occured.
VOSS: And my Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace is being unduly pessimistic.
TRALFINIAL: Am I? Perhaps my lady Excelsior would like to bring forward her plans for a victory parade.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, thank you for reminding me, Minister Tralfinial. How soon can it be arranged, Minister Voss? I'm anxious to meet my people in their hour of triumph.
VOSS: Er, there are still a few problems to be resolved, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Problems? Such as?
VOSS: Dangerous chemicals were introduced into the atmosphere by our opponents, and haven't yet dissipate enough to be considered safe.
EXCELSIOR: I'll wear a mask.
VOSS: And hide your face, my lady?
EXCELSIOR: True. What else?
VOSS: As you can imagine, the emergency services are stretched to capacity. There's a great deal of disruption and confusion. Would it not be more desirable to hold a victory parade when a degree of normality has been restored?
EXCELSIOR: Yes, you're right, Minister Voss. It's important that I'm seen by as many of our people as can be arranged, and if that means having to wait a while longer, then so be it. I shall instruct my seamstress to make further refinements to my victory gown.
(Door opens and closes.)
LANDSCAR: Typical of my lady Excelsior is her willingness to turn a negative into a positive.
(Excelsior turns into a giggling girl.)
EXCELSIOR: Ooo, thank you, Landscar. You should have been a politician, like Ministers Voss and Tralfinial. We were just discussing my victory gown. On or off the shoulder, do you think?
LANDSCAR: Oh, off, without a doubt. It would be a crime to conceal such elegant shoulders as yours.
TRALFINIAL: Excuse me, This is a private meeting.
LANDSCAR: So I see. Please, don't let me interrupt.
TRALFINIAL: We won't let you interrupt. How dare you walk in here without authorisation. You have absolutely no right
EXCELSIOR: He has authorisation, Minister Tralfinial. He has mine.
TRALFINIAL: With respect, my lady, this man is not a properly elected member of the government. Therefore he can have no part in the decision-making process. My Right Honourable friend the Minister for War will concur.
VOSS: My Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace is correct. I would suggest that we reconvene this meeting at a later date, when our privacy can be guaranteed.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, very well, Ministers. Go.
VOSS: My lady.
(Footsteps.)
TRALFINIAL: This is intolerable, Voss. She must be told the truth.
VOSS: Rather you than me, Tralfinial.
(Door opens, printer rattles, door closes.)
LANDSCAR: I seem to have upset your politicians, my dear lady.
EXCELSIOR: That's quite all right, Landscar. They're easily upset. Politicians worry about the smallest things.

C'RIZZ: The wind's picking up speed, the temperature's dropped. There's hardly any light at all.
CHARLEY: We're going to die.
DOCTOR: Don't say that, Charley. We're not going to die. Keep telling yourself we are not going to die.
CHARLEY: Oh, let's face it, Doctor. I mean, where can we go? What can we do? If we stay here for much longer we'll freeze to death.

C'RIZZ: And if we don't freeze to death, we'll probably die of this radiation, or worse.
DOCTOR: What is the matter with you two? Have you both got some kind of death wish? A serious case of Seasonal Affective Disorder? I've never known you to be so despondent, even when all the odds were stacked against us. I'll get us out of here somehow. Have I ever let you down? Don't answer that.
CHARLEY: Oh, sorry, Doctor. It's just, oh, I don't know, it's. There's something about this place. I can't explain it. It's so bleak.
DOCTOR: Yes, bleak's the word. All hope abandon ye who enter here.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, look out!
(Crash! Tumble of rubble.)
DOCTOR: Thanks, C'Rizz. Are you all right, Charley?
CHARLEY: I'm all right, yes.
DOCTOR: These walls aren't as strong as they look, and they don't look particularly strong. There's nothing for it, we'll have to take our chances outside, try to find another shelter.
C'RIZZ: It'll be the same problem wherever we go. I think we should stay here until the wind dies down.
DOCTOR: This is a nuclear winter, C'Rizz. The unnatural byproduct of a man-made cataclysm. It could last for decades, centuries. It may never end. So if you're thinking of sitting it out, you'd better make yourself comfortable.
(More rubble collapses.)
CHARLEY: What was that?
C'RIZZ: The roof, it's caving in!
DOCTOR: Get down, both of you. Get down! Now!
(Lots of rubble falling.)

(One slow set of footsteps, a second running to catch up.)
TRALFINIAL: Voss.
VOSS: What is now, Tralfinial? I have work to do.
TRALFINIAL: Falsifying more statistics to impress Excelsior? She may be mad, but she's not stupid. It's pretty obvious to everyone that the war didn't go well.
VOSS: Obvious to everyone except Excelsior, who prefers to believe that it went extremely well.
TRALFINIAL: Only because you're feeding her misinformation. Tell her the truth. Tell her that it didn't go strictly according to plan. That most of her people are dead. That her beloved Bortresoye is a barren wasteland.
VOSS: I'm not going to admit that we provoked a war which has wiped out nine tenths of the world's population. Let her work it out for herself. I'll be a safe distance away by then.
TRALFINIAL: Planning to go somewhere, Voss?
VOSS: As far as possible.
TRALFINIAL: You've seen the reports. The real reports, I mean. There's nowhere to go. We've finally managed to achieve the destruction of our own planet.
VOSS: When Excelsior realises that she has nothing left to rule, you and I will be the first to be executed. There are enough people still alive in this bunker who support her unconditionally, and who will obey her instructions without question. Ah, we shouldn't be talking like this. We could be overheard.
TRALFINIAL: You're referring to Landscar?
VOSS: Amongst others.
TRALFINIAL: Who is he, Voss? I don't recall inviting him into the bunker. He isn't my *my* department.
VOSS: He certainly isn't in mine. I don't even remember seeing the man before the war started.

LANDSCAR: They're lying, of course, my dear lady.
EXCELSIOR: Of course, Landscar. It's what politicians do. But the conditions on the surface have been described well enough to me. I think I know what to expect.

LANDSCAR: I think not, Excelsior.
EXCELSIOR: Oh?
LANDSCAR: To understand the conditions above ground, you'll need to see them with your own eyes.
EXCELSIOR: I'm advised that there are chemicals in the air. Poisons, pollutants. Are you seriously suggesting that I expose myself to them? Are you quite mad, Landscar?
LANDSCAR: Not at all, my dear lady. There is another way, and you won't even have to leave this room.
EXCELSIOR: You are mad.
LANDSCAR: My lady requires a demonstration, but you must open your mind to it.
EXCELSIOR: To what?
LANDSCAR: Be perfectly still.
EXCELSIOR: W-w-what are you
LANDSCAR: And silent.
EXCELSIOR: Landscar
LANDSCAR: Shh!
(Sound of howling wind.)
EXCELSIOR: What was that?
LANDSCAR: A breeze, my dear lady. A summer's breeze.
EXCELSIOR: Yes. Yes, I can feel it on my face, growing colder and colder. Much colder. What have you done, Landscar? What have you done?
LANDSCAR: I have done nothing, my dear lady. You opened your mind to the elements. It is you who have done this. Open your mind still further, dear lady. Be as one with the elements!
EXCELSIOR: I like it, I like it!

(Moving rubble with great effort, and coughing.)
CHARLEY: Oh Doctor, is that you?
C'RIZZ: It's me, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz. Are you hurt?
C'RIZZ: I don't think so. It's one of the advantages of being exoskeletal. I can take a bit of a pounding and you don't see the bruises.
CHARLEY: Only 'cos they're all on the inside.
C'RIZZ: Something like that. Where are you? So much dust. Doctor? Doctor?
CHARLEY: Save your breath, C'Rizz. I've been calling to him, but he hasn't answered.
C'RIZZ: He could be buried alive. We've got to get him out. Will you help me, Charlotte? Doctor? Are you in there?
CHARLEY: Hey, watch it. You're throwing things on top of me.
C'RIZZ: Oh sorry, I didn't realise. Sorry, Charlotte. Give me a hand.
CHARLEY: I would if I could. You may not have noticed that there's a rather large beam pinning me to the floor. Care to lift it off? I don't seem to be able to. Bit of an awkward angle.
C'RIZZ: Of course. Sorry.
CHARLEY: Stop apologising. It's not your fault. Now, I'll be glad to get the dust out of my eyes.
(Scrap of stone being dragged.)
CHARLEY: Has it gone?
C'RIZZ: Can't you tell? Here, you can get up now. Give me your arm. Charlotte.
CHARLEY: I can't.
C'RIZZ: Of course you can. Come on.
CHARLEY: I can't. I can't move.
C'RIZZ: What do you mean, you can't move? Can't move what? Can't move your arms? Can't move your legs? What? Can't move what?
CHARLEY: Anything. I can't move anything.
C'RIZZ: Well, try!
CHARLEY: I am trying. I can't.
C'RIZZ: It must be the shock. You're in shock, that's what it is. You'll get the

feeling back eventually.
CHARLEY: Yes, and eventually the rest of this building is going to collapse on top of us. Oh, you'll have to carry me outside.
C'RIZZ: It's freezing out there.
CHARLEY: Well, at least if I freeze to death, I won't be aware of it. It's one blessing.
C'RIZZ: I'll get help.
CHARLEY: From where?
C'RIZZ: I don't know, but I'll get help. I won't be long. Don't move.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, come back! C'Rizz! Oh. Don't move, he says. Don't move. In other circumstances that would be quite amusing. Do you hear that, Doctor? Don't move.

EXCELSIOR: Oh, such power, Landscar. What I can do with such power!
LANDSCAR: A power which is within all living things, my dear lady. If only it could be harnessed. To be truly at one with nature. Think of it. Powerful, ethereal, elemental.
(Door opens. Footsteps.)
EXCELSIOR: Yes?
(Door closes.)
VOSS: My lady.
TRALFINIAL: We were informed of a disturbance in this room.
EXCELSIOR: Minister Tralfinial, Minister Voss, as you can see I'm perfectly well.
LANDSCAR: Everything is under control.
VOSS: Has there been a struggle, my lady? Furniture is smashed, papers are strewn across the floor.
EXCELSIOR: You heard what Landscar said, Ministers. Everything is under control. You may leave us.
TRALFINIAL: Very well, my lady. Please be so good as to inform us if there's any further disturbance.
(Footsteps.)
VOSS: Lost her temper again.
TRALFINIAL: Something Landscar must have said.
(Door opens and closes.)
LANDSCAR: You see, my dear lady? Everything really is under control.
EXCELSIOR: And if it isn't, it will be soon, once I'm able to leave this prison, once I'm reunited with my people, once I'm
LANDSCAR: No!
EXCELSIOR: Must you keep interrupting me?
LANDSCAR: Something has changed. Something is different. Life is present now which was absent before.

CHARLEY: Hello? Can anyone hear me? Hello? Doctor! C'Rizz! Anyone! Someone help me! Please! Help me!
(Sounds like faint muttering voices in the wind.)
CHARLEY: Hello?

C'RIZZ: Hello? Hello? Oh, what's that. Just imagining things. Eyes are tired.
(The faint voices are here, too.)
C'RIZZ: Hello? I know you're there. I can hear you. (echoes) Hello? Hello! That wasn't my echo. That *wasn't* my echo. Hello? I can see you. Wait! No, don't go away. (runs) Please wait. Look, my friends need help. Oh please, can you help us? We need help. Oh, you're our only hope. (stops) Sorry, Charlotte.
REQUIEM: Who are you? Please.
C'RIZZ: Didn't see you there. Didn't hear you. Where did you come from?
REQUIEM: Who are you?
C'RIZZ: C'Rizz. My name's C'Rizz.
REQUIEM: C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: Look, can you help me, please? My friends are trapped. One's buried, the other's injured. She can't move. Do you understand? She's injured.
REQUIEM: Injured.
C'RIZZ: Yes. You must come with me. Do you have any friends? Is there anyone else who can help? Anyone at all?
REQUIEM: No one.
C'RIZZ: You'll have to do, I suppose. Can you come with me now?
REQUIEM: Now.
C'RIZZ: Please? It's very urgent. They're in a building which could collapse at any moment. I have to get back to them as soon as possible.
REQUIEM: Help.
C'RIZZ: Thank you. I'll show you the way.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz? C'Rizz, is that you? Oh, C'Rizz, say something. You're not C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: You haven't told me your name. I've told you mine.
REQUIEM: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: C'Rizz, that's right. But what's your name? You must have a name.
REQUIEM: Requiem.
C'RIZZ: Requiem. What happened here, Requiem? The Doctor said it was a nuclear bomb.
REQUIEM: Bomb.
C'RIZZ: Were many people killed? Sorry, I shouldn't have asked you that. It was insensitive of me. How long ago did this happen? It must have been quite recent.
REQUIEM: Recent.
C'RIZZ: How recent? A few days? A few weeks?
REQUIEM: Recent.
C'RIZZ: You don't look very strong. How've you managed to survive on your own? Has there been food and water?
REQUIEM: Questions.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, I don't mean to annoy you. I need to know what's happened so I can tell my friends, and help them to understand. Maybe find a way to escape.
REQUIEM: Escape.
C'RIZZ: Yes. And you'll come with us. You and anyone else who's still alive.
REQUIEM: Alive?
C'RIZZ: Look, we're nearly there. I'll run on ahead.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte? Doctor? I told you I wouldn't be long, and guess what? We're not the only ones left. Charlotte? Charlotte, where are you? Doctor?
REQUIEM: Doctor.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand. She couldn't move. They've gone, Requiem. Both of them, gone.

(The Doctor groans.)
LANDSCAR: You'll be pleased to know that the dressing is only temporary. You were fortunate, Doctor. Your injuries could have been far worse than a minor head wound.
DOCTOR: Where are they?
LANDSCAR: Your companions?
DOCTOR: Charley and C'Rizz, yes. Where are they?
LANDSCAR: Charley is here in the hospital where she's being well looked after.
DOCTOR: What about C'Rizz? Where is he?
LANDSCAR: Still above ground, I'm afraid.
DOCTOR: But alive?
LANDSCAR: As far as I'm aware.
DOCTOR: Oh, thank goodness, thank goodness. I don't remember anything

after the roof fell in. What happened to Charley? Is she all right?
LANDSCAR: Her injuries are rather more extensive than yours.
DOCTOR: How extensive? I must see her.
LANDSCAR: She's resting, as you should be.
DOCTOR: I must see her now. Ah!
LANDSCAR: You've had a traumatic experience, Doctor. You might have been killed in the accident.
DOCTOR: Those buildings are unsafe because someone decided to drop a nuclear bomb on them. There's nothing accidental about that, I can assure you.
LANDSCAR: Point taken.
DOCTOR: I suppose that Charley and I have to thank you for rescuing us. You seem to know all the details, whatever your name is.
LANDSCAR: Landscar.
DOCTOR: I'm grateful, Landscar.
LANDSCAR: Gratitude really isn't necessary.
DOCTOR: Maybe not, but it makes me feel better.
LANDSCAR: Your other friend, C'Rizz, had already left before I reached the site of the accident. The collapse. He'd gone in search of some assistance for you, which must mean that he was relatively unharmed. However, we were unable to locate him, and it seemed more important to provide those who'd been injured with urgent medical attention.
DOCTOR: Above ground, you said. C'Rizz is still above ground.
LANDSCAR: That's correct.
DOCTOR: Sorry if I seem a bit dim, but where exactly are we?

TRALFINIAL: My lady, Landscar has a blatant disregard for the safety of everyone in this bunker. He has brought two people from the surface who may be heavily contaminated by the poisoned air, and may himself now be contaminated.
EXCELSIOR: I think that unlikely, Minister Tralfinial. Have you considered that what he's done may be construed as an act of kindness towards two of our people? Oh, you really must try to curb your paranoia. It's becoming rather tiresome.
VOSS: My Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace is right to be concerned about the risk of contamination, my lady. Moreover, why has Landscar taken such a risk for two people out of so many who must be in need? Who are these people? Who, for that matter, is Landscar?
TRALFINIAL: We know nothing about him. Neither Minister Voss nor I can recall him being selected for inclusion in the bunker. He isn't an elected member of the government. Who is he? We have the right to know.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, ho, ho, remember who you are, Ministers. You are the servants of the State, but I, Excelsior, *am* the State, and you have the right to know nothing! Get out of my sight!

NURSE: Charley, there's someone to see you.
DOCTOR: Hello, Charley.
CHARLEY: Doctor. You're a sight for sore eyes. How's the head? Nice bandage.
DOCTOR: Never mind my head. I had a lucky escape, which is more than I can say for you.
NURSE: Try not to tire her, Doctor. She needs plenty of
DOCTOR: Plenty of rest. Yes, I know.
NURSE: Call me if you want anything, Charley.
CHARLEY: Thank you, Nurse. Everyone's been so kind.
DOCTOR: How do you feel?
CHARLEY: Good question. I'm not sure that I do feel. Certainly not from the neck down.
DOCTOR: Are you in pain?
CHARLEY: No. No pain. No anything, for that matter. It's like my body doesn't belong to me. Where's C'Rizz? Have they found him yet?
DOCTOR: No, not yet, but I'm sure he'll be find. You know C'Rizz, he's a

survivor. Don't worry about him, just worry about getting back on your feet again. Can't have you lying in bed all day. There's work to be done, places to go, people to meet. Whole new worlds to explore.
CHARLEY: I know.
DOCTOR: Landscar tells me we're in a security complex about a mile underground. It's one way to avoid bad weather, I suppose. Although I can't really see it replacing the old-fashioned umbrella as a preferred method of protection against the elements. Apart from which, you don't tend to get much in the way of natural light in these places. Doesn't make for healthy living.
CHARLEY: I damaged my spine, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Spines can be repaired.
CHARLEY: No, I mean really damaged. Beyond repair.
DOCTOR: Nonsense. Haven't you known me long enough? Nothing is beyond repair.
CHARLEY: (laughs) The Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes, all right. All right, almost nothing.
CHARLEY: I see it in their eyes, the people who work here, the doctors, the nurses, whenever they look at me. As I see it in yours now.
DOCTOR: What? What? What can you see? What are you talking about?
CHARLEY: The mixture of pity and understanding. The look which says I want to help, but there's nothing I can do. There's nothing anyone can do.
DOCTOR: Charley, you're not making sense.
CHARLEY: Oh, don't try to pretend. Be honest with me. Tell me the truth. I'm paralyzed.
DOCTOR: Charley, no.
CHARLEY: I'm paralyzed, Doctor. I'll never be able to walk again.

[Part Two]

EXCELSIOR [OC]: Good people of Bortresoye, the worst is behind us. We can now make our plans for the future. A future without fear, a future without conflict, a future of peace and prosperity. Rescue operations are underway as I speak. Emergency aid is being provided for those who need it. Food supplies and shelter for those who have lost their homes. Medical treatment for the sick and injured. Thanks to our brave and tireless rescue teams, a great deal of hardship and suffering has been avoided. Everything that can be done is being done to restore normal service as soon as possible. We have survived a dark chapter in our history. No price for freedom is too high, but we must count the cost of war, and do all that we can to prevent such a dark chapter from happening again. My people, the hopes and wishes of Excelsior go with you.

C'RIZZ: They can't have just disappeared. Charlotte couldn't walk. She couldn't move. And the Doctor was buried under all that debris. Most of the roof, by the look of it. Hey, Requiem, maybe he wasn't dead.
REQUIEM: Dead.
C'RIZZ: He wasn't dead and managed to get out on his own. Or he was helped. You can see where everything's been thrown aside. The Doctor's not that strong. Someone's been here, taken them away. Sorry, Requiem, You've had a wasted journey. Someone got here before us.

DOCTOR: I can't accept it, Charley. I simply cannot accept it. Nor should you.
CHARLEY: It's not a question of acceptance, Doctor. You can see for yourself. Look at me. I'm not about to jump up from this bed and run a cross-country race.
DOCTOR: Not now perhaps, not this minute, but in a few hours, a few days, who knows? You'll have got your strength back and be right as rain. We'll be laughing about this little scare.
CHARLEY: I don't think so.
DOCTOR: You cannot give up. I won't let you. You have to believe that you're going to get better, that the feeling in the rest of your body will return.

CHARLEY: Oh, that I'll pick up my bed and walk? Doctor, for all your amazing skills and talents, you can't perform miracles. There's a limit to what you or anyone can do.
DOCTOR: Charley, that's not fair. I've never claimed to be able to perform miracles.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that.
DOCTOR: You're upset, you're frustrated. I understand. All I want to do is make sure you don't give up hope. You have to fight this like you've fought so many things in the past. Fought and won.
CHARLEY: My spine isn't magically going to repair itself.
DOCTOR: You are being negative again.
CHARLEY: I'm not being negative, I'm being realistic. If there are any hospitals left standing on the surface, why did Landscar bring me all the way down here? Why didn't he take me straight to a proper hospital? Wouldn't that have made more sense?
DOCTOR: Granted. Whatever else is wrong, your reasoning powers seem fairly intact.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
DOCTOR: Yes, it would have made more sense, but Landscar may have his own reasons for bringing us here.
VOSS: An interesting observation.
DOCTOR: Hello. I'm the Doctor, this is Charley. You'll forgive her. She can't get up and stand.
VOSS: I am Minister Voss and this is Minister Tralfinial. Your friend is injured?
DOCTOR: Temporarily incapacitated. Thank you for allowing us into your shelter, gentlemen. I doubt that we'd have survived for very long outside.
(Door opens.)
NURSE: Excuse me, Ministers. Can I help you?
VOSS: We wish to speak to your new patients.
NURSE: I'll let you know as soon as they're ready to be interviewed.
VOSS: We wish to speak to them now. Please leave us.
TRALFINIAL: I'm sure you have other tasks to perform.
NURSE: This is a hospital, Ministers, not a place of interrogation.
VOSS: You exceed your authority. Leave us!
DOCTOR: We'll be all right, nurse. A little chat with the Ministers can't do any harm.
NURSE: Very well, but it's most irregular.
(Footsteps recede, door closes.)
TRALFINIAL: Now, let's see. Yes, your readings indicate a minimal exposure to contamination. Far below anything we expect from survivors.
VOSS: Can you account for this anomaly, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I can certainly try.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Doctor.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Charley, they'll either believe me or they won't. There's clearly no point in trying to pull the wool over their eyes. They're intelligent people.
TRALFINIAL: Well?
DOCTOR: Charley and I are not survivors. We were sent here as part of a mission. A test, if you like. We arrived only a few hours ago, and, well, that's about it.
TRALFINIAL: You were sent on a mission?
DOCTOR: A sort of mission, yes.
VOSS: You're spies.
DOCTOR: No!
VOSS: Sent here by our opponents.
DOCTOR: No, we're not spies, we're innocent civilians caught up in something we don't understand.
CHARLEY: We didn't ask to be brought down into your bunker. We had no idea where Landscar was taking us. And a pretty useless spy I'd make in this condition.
TRALFINIAL: Who sent you?

DOCTOR: Not your opponents, whoever they are. We were sent by the Interzone guardian, a rather unpleasant fellow called Kro'Ka. Ring any bells? No, I didn't think it would.
TRALFINIAL: You're trying to confuse us.
DOCTOR: I'm trying to explain. I could have lied to you. I could have told you we'd been hiding in another shelter.
VOSS: There were no other shelters. None that would have withstood the blast.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Oh. Anyway, the point is that we're here, and we're grateful. But if you'd rather we went back outside, then so be it.
VOSS: Thank you, Doctor. That is an option we're considering.

(Thunder mixed in with the howling wind.)
C'RIZZ: Sounds like a storm's on its way, Requiem. How much further do we have to go?
REQUIEM: Not much further. Almost there.
C'RIZZ: Hey, that was a whole sentence. You spoke a whole sentence, not just one or two words. What's different? What's changed?
REQUIEM: I'm comfortable with you, C'Rizz. You're a good man. You care for others. People should care.
C'RIZZ: I er, hope you don't mind taking me to where you live. Until I find the Doctor and Charlotte, I've nowhere else to go. They could be miles away and in the opposite direction. Oh, they could be anywhere. And I think it's about to rain. Oh, we're going to get wet if we don't ow! That burnt! The rain's burning my skin. Ah! Oh, can't you feel it? Come on, Requiem, run faster. Come on!

(Sounds of rushing water.)
EXCELSIOR: How curious.
LANDSCAR: My dear lady?
EXCELSIOR: See this, Landscar? Water drips from my fingertips. No, not water. Acid. Drip. Drip, drip. Oh, see how the surface of this table reacts to each drop. Each tiny drop leaving its mark. And then the (sniffs) acrid smell of burning wood. Faint, but detectable and oh, oh so delicious.
LANDSCAR: You are truly in tune with the elements, my dear lady. Every fibre of your being resonates with the power of all that is around you. Your mind reaches beyond this fragile shelter to solid rock, to soil, to water, to fire with burns at the very heart of this world, sweeping upwards again through layer after layer after layer of history, emerging at last into the light. The searing, blinding, terrible light. It rains, and your body can sense it, can feel it caressing your skin.
EXCELSIOR: Or there is another source of water. Closer, stronger. Ah! Much stronger.
LANDSCAR: Yes, yes, my lady. A subterranean river flows nearby. You're right. You are right. But the torrent threatens to overwhelm us. We are as nothing against such a force of nature. Nothing!
(The sound of water stops.)
EXCELSIOR: You speak of threats, Landscar, and yet you venture to the surface without my permission. You bring back survivors who may be contaminated. What say you to that?
LANDSCAR: They are not contaminated, my lady. Nor are they survivors in your meaning of the word. They are travellers. They do not belong here.
EXCELSIOR: Travellers? From where?
LANDSCAR: From other worlds, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Oh nonsense, Landscar. You're a fool if you believe such a thing. These people have been filling your head with stupid lies. Their ordeal has demented them.
LANDSCAR: This information has not come from their mouths.
EXCELSIOR: Then how did you come by it? They must have told you.
LANDSCAR: I know it to be the truth, my lady. They should not be here. They don't belong here.
EXCELSIOR: Your cryptic remarks are beginning to annoy me, Landscar. Be very careful that they don't annoy me too much. The fact that you have my ear

doesn't mean that you can't be executed.
LANDSCAR: Yours to command, my lady Excelsior.
EXCELSIOR: Hmm. Tell me about the mood of jubilation on the surface. Tell me that my people are waiting anxiously to see me again.
LANDSCAR: Oh, indeed. The people of Bortresoye are looking forward to being reunited with you. It will be a great moment in the history of the world.
EXCELSIOR: I must start preparing myself. There are many things to be done. I need a new make-up assistant. My victory gown is to be made ready for a final fitting. And you'll be there, Landscar, at my side. Together we shall watch the new dawn.
LANDSCAR: As you say, my lady. The new dawn.

(Footsteps.)
C'RIZZ: This place is huge, Requiem. It's vast. Is this where you live?
REQUIEM: It's where I live now. It's where I worked. My home was destroyed when the light came.
C'RIZZ: The light? Oh, you mean the bomb.
REQUIEM: We saw only the light. The rest was darkness. This is the Archive, where all our records were kept. The history of my people. Everything was here. Much of it has been destroyed. The light penetrated even to this great depth.
C'RIZZ: We must be about fifty feet underground.
REQUIEM: It wasn't enough. We sought shelter down here, thinking it would be adequate protection, Many still perished.
C'RIZZ: How many of you survived?
REQUIEM: Some. For a while. But there was sickness and hunger. It was difficult.
C'RIZZ: Hmm. It was like that back home, after the Kromon attacked. Most of my family and friends died then, so I know what it's like. Here look, look at this. I've worn it around my neck for ages. It's called a moonstone. It was given to me by my father as a wedding gift He gave me this half and kept the other for himself. A way of, well, keeping us together, even though we ended up far apart. When I look at this, I can remember them all. All their faces. Well, while we were under the Kromon's power, thinking of them all just kept me going, kept me alive. What about you, Requiem? How have you managed to stay alive?
REQUIEM: I don't know. Some kind of inner strength, some energy pushes me on, but I can't describe it and I can't explain it. I hope to learn the truth one day.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, Requiem, I have to ask. Why did all this happen? Why so much death and destruction? Who allowed it to happen?
REQUIEM: Our government was weak, frightened. When the risk of an attack was imminent, it was we who struck first. Retaliation by other governments was immediate and total. Nothing could be done to prevent the complete destruction of Bortresoye. I remember the light, and then regaining consciousness to find the Archive as you see it now. Only much later did I venture to the surface and discover the terrible extent of our folly.
C'RIZZ: Your government's folly.
REQUIEM: We've always been at war, throughout history. Each successive government has tried to negotiate a lasting peace, only to end up causing another war. Little by little we have been brought to our knees.
C'RIZZ: When you say we, you mean the city.
REQUIEM: I mean Bortresoye. The whole world. The whole of Bortresoye has always been at war. Everyone. What surprises me is that we've lasted as long as we have, especially since natural resources were exhausted long ago, and we're the only species left on the planet.
C'RIZZ: You can't be. There must be thousands of different species. Millions. Well, everything from the smallest organism to the largest animal.
REQUIEM: All eradicated, C'Rizz, one after the other. Through excessive harvesting, through biological warfare, through scientific experimentation, the end result was the same. Extinction.
(Rumble and crash.)
C'RIZZ: What was that?

REQUIEM: The world has become increasingly unstable, C'Rizz. By our actions, we've dealt it the final blow.

VOSS: Doctor, please tell us how you arrived on Bortresoye.
DOCTOR: That's a bit difficult, I'm afraid.
TRALFINIAL: Why?
DOCTOR: I don't know how we got here. I'm not privy to that information.
VOSS: Your mode of transport, what was it?
DOCTOR: We didn't have one.
CHARLEY: We just sort of arrived.
DOCTOR: Through the Interzone.
TRALFINIAL: Interzone?
DOCTOR: Yes, Interzone. I told you it would be difficult to explain.
VOSS: How were you expected to return to your own people?
CHARLEY: We weren't. And they're not our own people.
DOCTOR: There's no way back, you see. It's a one way ticket.
(Rumble.)
CHARLEY: Was that an earthquake, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes. And that's a little worrying when you're inside a concrete box a mile underground. Excuse me, Ministers, does that tend to happen regularly around here?
TRALFINIAL: There is some seismic activity, yes.
DOCTOR: I see. Look, I think we should be getting out of here. I'm sure I don't need to remind you that we're surrounded on all sides by millions of tons of shifting rock. Can't we discuss the Interzone at a later date?
TRALFINIAL: You're not going anywhere, Doctor.
VOSS: Least of all without us.
TRALFINIAL: Voss, are you mad, telling two strangers that you're looking to escape?
DOCTOR: Actually, he didn't exactly say that. He simply made it clear that we won't be allowed to leave this bunker unaccompanied.
TRALFINIAL: That's not how it sounded.
VOSS: Tralfinial, listen to me. There's a small possibility that the Doctor and his friend are telling the truth. They may have access to technology which is far more advanced than anything we have here. Isn't that worth investigating?
TRALFINIAL: I don't intend to abandon my people, Voss.
VOSS: What people? What people? There's no one left, apart from a handful of survivors on the surface who won't live long.
CHARLEY: What about everyone down here? What about your colleagues, your friends, your leader?
VOSS: I have no friends, My colleagues can take care of themselves. And as for our beloved leader
TRALFINIAL: You're just as guilty of what's happened as the rest of us. You're not going to be able to walk away from it. There's the future to think about now.
VOSS: No, don't you understand? It's finished. We have no future.
(Door opens. Running footsteps.)
NURSE: Excelsior, please. My patients
EXCELSIOR: Are my subjects, nurse, and therefore I can disturb them as and when I see fit. Now, you. Yes, you there. You're the first to see it. How do I look?
DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
EXCELSIOR: My victory gown. This is how the rest of our people will see me. It isn't finished yet, of course. There are a few little refinements to be added, but overall, what do you think? And be honest. You're in something of a privileged position. Not everyone will get a sneak preview. I'm anxious to create just the right effect.
DOCTOR: I don't really know what to say. You, Charley, you're more the frocks department than I am.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I can't see a thing. Prop me up a bit.
NURSE: That may not be wise. We don't want to risk damaging your spine even more.

CHARLEY: Please. I feel like a lemon just lying here.
NURSE: All right. Let me put a pillow behind your head. There. Better?
CHARLEY: Mmm. Much better, thanks.
EXCELSIOR: Well?
CHARLEY: Er, turn around. Well, the hem could be dropped about an inch, and you need a belt to pull the waist in. I mean, not too much. Something loose. A cord you can tie, perhaps, made in the same fabric? Otherwise, yes, very nice. Very regal.
EXCELSIOR: You have good taste, young lady. What's your name?
CHARLEY: Charlotte.
EXCELSIOR: Charlotte.
CHARLEY: My friends call me Charley.
EXCELSIOR: And er, you are?
DOCTOR: Call me Doctor.
EXCELSIOR: Doctor. I, of course, need no introduction.
DOCTOR: Well, we are new here, so an introduction may be helpful.
NURSE: (nervous) The Doctor and Charley are still er, disorientated from their experiences, Excelsior.
EXCELSIOR: I see.
NURSE: It'll pass.
EXCELSIOR: I hope so. I am your leader!
DOCTOR: Leader?
EXCELSIOR: Excelsior. And please don't stand on ceremony. After all, you're the war heroes.
DOCTOR: Excelsior! Of course. Charley, didn't I say we could expect a visit from the leader?
CHARLEY: You did.
DOCTOR: Good for morale.
EXCELSIOR: It's unfortunate that you were injured, Charley.
CHARLEY: To say the least.
EXCELSIOR: Many have lost their lives.
DOCTOR: (sotto) To say the least.
EXCELSIOR: We owe them a great debt of gratitude in securing for us the freedoms that we too often take for granted. Their sacrifice makes it possible for the rest of us to lead our normal daily lives unhindered by the fear of oppression, or by the want of basic necessities. Thanks to those heroes, most of us still have our homes, our dignity, our pride. Were it not for their
DOCTOR: Excuse me, Excelsior, leader.
EXCELSIOR: Yes?
DOCTOR: When was this speech written?
EXCELSIOR: Speech? What speech?
DOCTOR: I'm starting to get the uncomfortable impression that it was a while ago. Possibly before the bomb dropped?
EXCELSIOR: Bomb? What bomb?
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
CHARLEY: You don't know? You *must* know.
EXCELSIOR: Know what?
DOCTOR: Life on the surface, or rather, the lack of it. What do you know about what's been happening above ground?
EXCELSIOR: My Ministers have kept me informed.
VOSS: Indeed we have, Excelsior.
TRALFINIAL: Always.
EXCELSIOR: You see? I know all there is to know. Ministers, leave us. I wish to interview these two brave subjects alone.
TRALFINIAL: But surely
VOSS: Come, Tralfinial. Now!
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: And what exactly have your Ministers told you?
EXCELSIOR: They've exaggerated certain things, of course. Each of them hopes to increase his department's budget in the new financial period. There's

nothing unusual in that. My Minister for War will ask for more money from the Fighting Fund. My Minister for Peace will ask for more money from the Benevolent Fund. Public taxes will increase accordingly, as they always do after a crisis. There'll be a vote of no confidence in the government, another election, I'll win by a landslide majority.
DOCTOR: In the absence of any effective opposition.
EXCELSIOR: If you wish to see it that way, yes.
DOCTOR: Excelsior, there's something else you should know, and I hate being the one who has to tell you.
EXCELSIOR: Go on.
CHARLEY: Things aren't quite as you're expecting them to be up there.
EXCELSIOR: Sorry, Charley, I don't follow.
DOCTOR: Let's just say that your victory gown may not get much of an audience.
EXCELSIOR: Still don't follow.
CHARLEY: Just tell her, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm coming to it. Don't rush me.
CHARLEY: They're dead, Excelsior. They're all dead. Every last one of them. Dead.
EXCELSIOR: Who?
CHARLEY: Who do you think?
DOCTOR: What Charley is trying to say is that things could have gone better.
CHARLEY: They could hardly have gone worse.
NURSE: We were at war, Doctor. Casualties are inevitable.
DOCTOR: True, Nurse, but there's usually a limit set on it. Not the entire population. That's otherwise known as genocide. Something that most civilised societies would frown upon.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, you're wrong. Many of our people have survived. Evidently your experiences were more traumatic than we first imagined. The danger is that others may start to believe you. I can't allow that to happen. Such talk could spread like a disease. Bad for morale.
CHARLEY: So what are you going to do, have us silenced?
EXCELSIOR: If necessary, yes.
(Door opens.)
LANDSCAR: My lady, we have an emergency!
EXCELSIOR: Well?
LANDSCAR: The outer wall has been breached.
DOCTOR: Charley, the tremors.
EXCELSIOR: Take me to it.
LANDSCAR: This way.
DOCTOR: I'll come with you.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
NURSE: Please, what's happening?
EXCELSIOR: Oh, get out of my way, Nurse.
DOCTOR: Stay with Charley, Nurse. I won't be long.
CHARLEY: Oh, that's what C'Rizz said, and I haven't seen him since.

EXCELSIOR [OC]: As in every conflict, there will be casualties. We must expect that. It is the nature of war. But after war there will be peace. And I shall
REQUIEM: This was the final broadcast before the war started.
EXCELSIOR [OC]: Bright new future. My people, the hopes and wishes of Excelsior go with you.
C'RIZZ: Who is Excelsior?
REQUIEM: Our democratically elected leader. The head of the government. The decision maker.
C'RIZZ: The one who made all the wrong decisions, then.
REQUIEM: Don't judge us too harshly, C'Rizz. We have learnt the hardest lesson of all.
C'RIZZ: Your governments have been ignoring the lessons for too long. Well, now it's too late. There's nothing left to govern.

REQUIEM: The pity of it is that no one else will ever hear of our mistakes, to take heed of them. The money that was to have been spent on space exploration was rechanneled into building yet more weapons. It will all have been in vain. We built weapons to defend our homeland. Those same weapons have destroyed us.
(Whispering voices.)
C'RIZZ: Requiem, if you've been alone down here, then who is that?
REQUIEM: A friend.
C'RIZZ: And that? And those? Requiem, how many of you are there?
REQUIEM: The number is growing.
C'RIZZ: You've lied to me. You said you were on your own.
REQUIEM: I said no such thing. That was *your* assumption.
C'RIZZ: Why didn't you tell me? This is great. This means there is hope for the future.
REQUIEM: Oh, you think so?
C'RIZZ: Yes, of course. It hasn't all been in vain. Well, if you survived, there may be others. Enough to build a community and start again, free of your stupid government.
REQUIEM: (sighs) We'll never be free. Not while Excelsior lives.
C'RIZZ: Oh, come on. The bomb that destroyed your homes must have destroyed hers, unless she's somehow invincible.
REQUIEM: Not invincible, but according to secret government papers, well protected in her security shelter, along with the rest of them.
C'RIZZ: Interesting. Well, a place like that would have food and medical supplies which your people need. Where is this security shelter?
REQUIEM: About three miles away.
C'RIZZ: Good. Not far.
REQUIEM: And one mile down.
C'RIZZ: Oh.

VOSS: The breach is behind a section of wall in corridor twelve, my lady. Monitors show the pressure is increasing in that same area.
EXCELSIOR: Thank you, Minister Voss. Will the inner wall contain it?
VOSS: Not indefinitely. Not at all if there's another seismic disturbance, even a minor one.
(Distant rumble.)
TRALFINIAL: Like that, you mean?
EXCELSIOR: Minister Tralfinial, this security installation was built to withstand far worse.
TRALFINIAL: It *has* withstood far worse, my lady, but the structure has been weakened by constant tremors, and won't stand up to much more. We should evacuate these lower levels as a precaution.
EXCELSIOR: If and when *I* give the order.
TRALFINIAL: There are more than a hundred people in this shelter. They must be given sufficient warning to prepare for an emergency.
EXCELSIOR: Are you questioning my authority, Minister?
TRALFINIAL: No, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Then be silent! I have the situation under control.
DOCTOR: Landscar, I take it that there's something rather powerful and potentially dangerous behind the wall of corridor twelve.
LANDSCAR: Yes, Doctor. A subterranean river flows closest to us at that point, and could break through. There is a high risk of flooding.
DOCTOR: You don't seem particularly bothered about that. You'll drown with the rest of us.
LANDSCAR: All living things must die.
DOCTOR: True, but we don't have to stand here waiting for it to happen. There must be something you can do.
LANDSCAR: We can move to ground level and seal off this part of the shelter, with Excelsior's permission.
EXCELSIOR: Having given the matter careful consideration, I've decided that er,

we should move to ground level and seal off this part of the shelter. Minister Voss? You'll lead the way.
VOSS: Monitors show that the inner wall has fractured, my lady. Water is pouring into corridor twelve.
TRALFINIAL: We'll drown!
DOCTOR: Charley. I must get Charley!
VOSS: Make for the end of corridor sixteen, Doctor. A lift will take you to the ground level.
DOCTOR: Corridor sixteen. Thank you, Minister Voss. Good luck.
TRALFINIAL: This way, my lady.

C'RIZZ: They'll have to let us in when we get there, Requiem. They can't leave us outside to die.
REQUIEM: Why not? They allowed the war to be fought. They allowed the light to destroy everything. What do they care about a handful of survivors?
C'RIZZ: Come on, there's fifty people following us, or maybe more. It's hardly a handful. Still, will there be room for everyone in the shelter?

DOCTOR: Nurse, can you help me with Charley?
NURSE: Of course.
DOCTOR: We need to move her to ground level without causing any more damage to her spine. Is that possible?
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's going on?
DOCTOR: The shelter's flooding. We have to get out of here.
NURSE: Charley's bed comes free of the base as a stretcher.
DOCTOR: We have to get to the end of corridor sixteen as quickly as we can.
NURSE: It isn't far.
DOCTOR: Right, ready Nurse?
NURSE: Ready when you are.
DOCTOR: And lift. That's it. You all right, Charley?
CHARLEY: I still can't feel anything.
DOCTOR: It's probably just as well.
NURSE: I'll lead the way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CHARLEY: Is that water I can hear?
DOCTOR: Yes, we're walking through about two inches of it. Tell me if you feel cold.
CHARLEY: In the circumstances, I'll worry about that later.
NURSE: We've been hiding down here in the darkness, pretending that everything would be all right. Fooling ourselves.
DOCTOR: Where there's life there's hope.
NURSE: What hope, Doctor? What life? We've destroyed our world. What is there to go back to now? Why are we even trying to save ourselves?
DOCTOR: Because.
NURSE: Because what?
DOCTOR: Just because. Keep going. Corridor sixteen. Corridor sixteen!
NURSE: Straight ahead. Listen.
(Loud rushing water.)
DOCTOR: Let's just hope that's coming from behind us, not from in front.
NURSE: This is it, Doctor. Corridor sixteen.
VOSS [OC]: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Minister Voss.
VOSS: Into this lift, quickly, all of you.
CHARLEY: It's getting very close, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm aware of that, Charley. Try not to panic.
VOSS: Let me take that from you, Nurse.
NURSE: Of course, Minister.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Charley, are you all right?
VOSS: Doctor, get in!
DOCTOR: Nurse!

(The Nurse screams. The lift doors close and it starts to clank upwards.)
DOCTOR: What about the Nurse?
VOSS: The water's taken her, Doctor. There's nothing we can do for her now. We have to close the doors.
CHARLEY: No! No, we have to save her.
VOSS: It's too late. We're heading for ground level.
CHARLEY: You can't let her die! Please, Doctor.
VOSS: She's already dead.
DOCTOR: Charley, you have to understand. The whole area is flooded. We can't go back down there.
CHARLEY: The Nurse helped carry me and we let her die. You should have taken her and left me there. What use am I like this, a vegetable?
DOCTOR: You're not a vegetable, you're a human being. You have just as much right to live as any other creature.
VOSS: Human being.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. It's a figure of speech, Minister.
VOSS: You really are travellers. Not from another land, but from another world.

TRALFINIAL: The lower levels must be sealed, my lady, without delay.
EXCELSIOR: We'll wait for Minister Voss to return, Minister Tralfinial. I need my seamstress. As it is, this gown has been ruined by the water. The rest of my wardrobe has been destroyed!
TRALFINIAL: The lift is arriving, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: Very well. The lower levels can now be sealed. Nothing and no one must be able to get in or out of them. See to it.
(Lift doors open, sloshing water.)
DOCTOR: You're safe, Charley.
CHARLEY: I still think you should send the lift back. Send it back empty. You don't have to go back down there with it.
EXCELSIOR: Where's my seamstress?
VOSS: Dead, my lady. Drowned, along with everyone else who was down there. I couldn't risk waiting any longer.
EXCELSIOR: You had the temerity to come back without my seamstress, Minister? It would have been better if you'd stayed down there yourself.
VOSS: Will you just for one moment stop thinking about your ridiculous victory gown?
EXCELSIOR: What did you say, Minister Voss? I'll have you executed for that!
VOSS: Executed by whom, my lady? Apart from you, there's Minister Tralfinial, the Doctor and Charley.
EXCELSIOR: I'll execute you myself, Minister. Tralfinial, hand me your gun.
DOCTOR: What are you doing? Let me get this straight. We are all that's left of more than a hundred people who were on the lower levels.
TRALFINIAL: That's correct.
CHARLEY: Those poor people.
DOCTOR: Five people out of more than a hundred, and you're talking about executions? Doesn't that strike you as being a little precipitate, a bit rash, not to say insane? Fine, go ahead. What's one more death when you've already seen so many?
EXCELSIOR: Perhaps I should execute you, Doctor.
VOSS: No! My lady.
EXCELSIOR: Minister Voss disagrees.
CHARLEY: Surely you can afford to be magnanimous in victory, Excelsior? Isn't that how your people would wish to see you? As their benevolent ruler. All forgiving and so on. The Doctor and I, we are your people.
EXCELSIOR: I like you, Charley. Very well. A stay of execution for Minister Voss and for the Doctor, for now. Ministers, I have much to prepare before meeting my people on the surface. You will arrange temporary chamber for me on this level.
TRALFINIAL: Yes, my lady.
CHARLEY: Doctor, she's completely mad.

DOCTOR: You noticed.
CHARLEY: All those people have died, more than a hundred people, and her only concern is what she's wearing.
DOCTOR: Added to the millions who must have died in the war, it's no wonder she's gone mad.
CHARLEY: Don't make excuses for her. She has to accept at least some responsibility for what's happened.
DOCTOR: Too many people have pandered to her whim for too long. They've kept any bad or distressing news from her and given her only good news. Whatever it takes to keep her happy.
CHARLEY: She can't be that blind, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Delusional is a better description. A way of dealing with the enormity of what's taken place. It's easier to block it out, pretend it isn't true.
CHARLEY: How can you block out an entire war? How can you block out death and destruction on such a massive scale? There must be something in her head, some little spark of acknowledgment that dropping bombs on people is wrong. That war of any sort is wrong.
DOCTOR: Not everyone would agree with that sentiment, Charley, but I take your point. What you have to understand is that Excelsior is probably traumatised by recent events, that her reaction is natural and involuntary.
CHARLEY: Or she's bluffing.
DOCTOR: Or she's bluffing.
(Rasping noise.)
CHARLEY: What's that?
DOCTOR: Some sort of alarm, I think.
VOSS: Doctor, it's the perimeter sensors outside the shelter. They're calibrated to detect lifeforms. Something's out there. It's either curious or it's trying to get in.
TRALFINIAL: Don't open the door, Voss. Whatever you do, don't open the door.
VOSS: I'll check the monitor first, Tralfinial. Don't worry. If it looks in any way threatening or dangerous, it stays outside. I'm not a complete idiot, you know.
DOCTOR: The image resolution isn't very good. It must be the storm affecting it.
CHARLEY: What can you see?
VOSS: I'll scan the area. Try to sharpen the image. I can see something. Someone.

C'RIZZ: Is anyone there? Hello? Can you hear me?
REQUIEM: I saw the lens move. They *are* watching us, C'Rizz. You must keep shouting.
C'RIZZ: Maybe they can't hear me.
REQUIEM: But they can see you.

TRALFINIAL: What sort of creature is that?
DOCTOR: It's C'Rizz!
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, he's alive.
DOCTOR: Apparently.
VOSS: I'll bring up the sound.
DOCTOR: And he's not a creature, he's a Eutermesan.
TRALFINIAL: What?
DOCTOR: He's with me. He's a friend. He can be trusted.
C'RIZZ [OC]: Can anyone hear me? Hello?
DOCTOR: Can he hear us?
VOSS: He can now.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, can you hear me?
C'RIZZ [OC]: Doctor? Is that you?
DOCTOR: Yes. We're going to let you in.
TRALFINIAL: You can't.
DOCTOR: He'll freeze out there. You have to let him in.
VOSS: We don't have to do anything of the sort, Doctor. We're only taking your word for it that he can be trusted.

DOCTOR: Please. He won't harm you.
C'RIZZ [OC]: I have some friends with me.
TRALFINIAL: He isn't alone, Voss.
CHARLEY: They must be survivors.
DOCTOR: How many friends, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ [OC]: About fifty.
TRALFINIAL: Fifty? Think of the contamination.
DOCTOR: Fifty survivors of the war, Minister. Fifty people who need protection from the storm. You must let them in.
VOSS: I'm opening the doors.
TRALFINIAL: Think what you're doing, Voss.
VOSS: The Doctor's right. We can't leave them outside to die.
TRALFINIAL: Let them in, and we could die.
VOSS: Well, that's a risk I'm prepared to take. Doors opening.
TRALFINIAL: I'll shoot to kill any intruder who threatens us.
VOSS: No, lower your weapon.
TRALFINIAL: I'm warning you. If necessary, I'll kill them all.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz!
C'RIZZ: Doctor. Charlotte.
DOCTOR: Where are the others? You said there were about fifty of them.
C'RIZZ: Can't you count? Look at them.
DOCTOR: Yes, I can count, but I can only count one, and that's you.
C'RIZZ: Open your eyes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: There's no one with you, C'Rizz. You're alone.

[Part Three]

(Thunder and heavy rain.)
EXCELSIOR [OC]: Good people of Bortresoye, the moment approaches when we can begin life anew. When we can once again enjoy the liberties that have been denied to us by the dark shadow of conflict. But those liberties are too often taken for granted when the world is at peace. We must cherish them, savour them, remember that our heroes have died to preserve them. That while the rest of us have the safety of our homes and the warmth of our families, there are some who will not be returning from the field of battle. If not in body, then at least in spirit, they will be with us on the day of the victory parade. The day on which my government and I have planned the threshold of a new future for us all, of fresh hope and strength. Join with me on the day of the victory parade. Together we can make history! My people, the hopes and wishes of Excelsior go with you.

DOCTOR: Minister Tralfinial, please lower your weapon. You can see that C'Rizz is unarmed.
VOSS: Do as he says, Tralfinial.
TRALFINIAL: The Doctor doesn't give the orders around here, Voss. Don't forget that he's an intruder as well. I could have them all shot as spies.
DOCTOR: Not again, Minister. We've been through all that. Would you please lower your weapon? We're all feeling a little on edge and someone could end up getting hurt.
CHARLEY: Besides, C'Rizz is clearly unarmed and clearly alone.
C'RIZZ: They were with me. I don't understand.
TRALFINIAL: At least fifty, you said. Fifty of your friends from outside. So where are they now? Where are they hiding? Tell me the truth!
C'RIZZ: I'm tell you the truth. They were here. They were right behind me.
REQUIEM: We still are, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Requiem?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, are you all right?
C'RIZZ: Now do you believe me?
VOSS: What are you talking about? Believe what?

C'RIZZ: They're here. Oh, surely you can see them.
VOSS: See who?
DOCTOR: That's the problem, C'Rizz. We can't.
C'RIZZ: But they're right (pause) They're gone. You've frightened them away.
VOSS: Your friends were never here.
(Noise of door controls.)
C'RIZZ: No, wait. They must have gone back outside. You must let them in.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, you came in here alone. There was no one else. At least, no one else we could see.
TRALFINIAL: No one we could see? What do you mean, no one we could see?
DOCTOR: It's nothing to panic about, Minister. C'Rizz is experiencing some kind of hallucination, probably brought on by prolonged exposure to the elements. What he needs is complete rest.
C'RIZZ: You think I'm imagining it, don't you. You all think I'm imagining it. Even you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: The mind can play strange tricks, C'Rizz. What you've seen must have seemed very real to you.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, you believe me, don't you. Charlotte.
CHARLEY: I want to. I really want to.
C'RIZZ: But you don't.
DOCTOR: It isn't a question of believing you. We also have to believe the evidence of our own eyes. And the evidence of our own eyes tells us there was no one with you.
C'RIZZ: Well, then how do you explain it, Doctor? I found my way here by accident?
CHARLEY: Maybe you've seen a ghost?
C'RIZZ: What?
VOSS: Or fifty ghosts.
TRALFINIAL: What is she talking about, Voss? Ghosts?
VOSS: Shadows, Tralfinial. The spirits of the dead.
CHARLEY: It's just a thought.
DOCTOR: It's an interesting thought, Charley. You may have something there. If a ghost is said to be a restless soul, just imagine how many restless souls a nuclear holocaust would bring into existence. Innocent victims looking for answers, confused by the speed and ferocity of their meaningless deaths. Quite possibly not even aware that they've died.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I saw them. I talked to them, they talked to me. About the shelter, about the war and the bomb. I didn't imagine any of it.
TRALFINIAL: They're here now. Can't you hear them? Can't you feel them? The spirits of the dead. Evil spirits. And you brought them here to infiltrate and destroy. To destroy us!
C'RIZZ: No! Tell him, Doctor.
TRALFINIAL: Listen. Can't you hear them? Can't you hear them?
VOSS: Tralfinial, perhaps you should retire to your chamber. I have the situation under control.
TRALFINIAL: But you don't. The evil spirits are in control. They're watching us, waiting.
DOCTOR: Minister Tralfinial.
TRALFINIAL: Stay away from me, all of you.
VOSS: Tralfinial, don't be a fool.
TRALFINIAL: You're the fool, Voss. You let them in here and now they're contaminating everyone. But not me. I won't let them contaminate me.
(Running feet. Whispering voices)
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Minister. We seem to have stirred things up a bit for you.
VOSS: It's not your fault, Doctor. But there may be a way you can help.
DOCTOR: I'll do what I can, of course. You've helped us.
VOSS: Tell me about your travels.
DOCTOR: My travels?
CHARLEY: That's a long, long story, isn't it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'd only bore you with the details. Let's just say that they're quite

extensive.
VOSS: Can you pilot a vessel?
DOCTOR: Don't you dare, Charley.
CHARLEY: I wasn't going to say a thing.
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm familiar with most types of transport.
VOSS: Could you pilot a rocket?
DOCTOR: A rocket? You have a rocket?
VOSS: Answer me, Doctor. Yes or no.
DOCTOR: Well, yes, I dare say. What kind of rocket?
VOSS: I should check on Minister Tralfinial. Please don't try to leave the shelter. You'll be dead within hours.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: Minister Voss, what kind of rocket? Minister!
C'RIZZ: Dead within hours. We'll all be dead soon anyway.
CHARLEY: Do you know something we don't?
C'RIZZ: Only what Requiem's told me.
DOCTOR: Requiem?
CHARLEY: His ghostly friend.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Charley. Requiem told you that we'd all be dead soon?
C'RIZZ: Not in so many words. He said that this is the only species left, that everything else on the planet has gone extinct. Didn't sound very promising.
DOCTOR: I agree. It's worse than I feared. Are you sure that that's what he said, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I can't have imagined it all, Doctor. I didn't imagine it. Everything I saw, everything I heard, it was real. As real as you and Charlotte.
DOCTOR: I believe you.
CHARLEY: This is one reality I could do without.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, Charlotte. I'm being selfish.
CHARLEY: No, you're not.
C'RIZZ: How are you?
CHARLEY: Still can't move. This is it, I'm afraid. This is where my travels end.
C'RIZZ: You can't mean that.
DOCTOR: We're going to get you away from here, Charley, by whatever means possible, and if it's the last thing I do.
CHARLEY: And from what C'Rizz has just said, it may well be the last thing you do. Without the Tardis, our only hope of escape is finding a way back to the Interzone.
DOCTOR: Or the Minister's rocket.
CHARLEY: Doctor, even if the rocket works, you'd be leaving the Tardis behind.
DOCTOR: Not necessarily.
CHARLEY: Now I'm confused.
DOCTOR: Before I left the Interzone, the Kro'Ka hinted that the Tardis may be somewhere else.
C'RIZZ: Somewhere else on the planet?
DOCTOR: No, not on the planet at all. I thought he was taking away our last hope, but he may actually have been giving us hope.
CHARLEY: I can't believe that he'd try to help us.
DOCTOR: Nevertheless, the possibility exists that the Tardis has been moved, and is already out of danger. We can debate the Kro'Ka's reasons for moving it when we are also out of danger. Agreed?
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Agreed.

(Bulkhead door opens.)
EXCELSIOR: Come in, Mister Voss. Join us.
VOSS: My lady.
(Door closes.)
EXCELSIOR: The Minister Tralfinial tells me that we've opened our doors to a potential danger. Is that so, Minister Voss?
TRALFINIAL: My Right Honourable friend the Minister for War knows that it is so, my lady. The risk of contamination has been increased by his foolhardy

actions! Added to which, our shelter is now overrun by evil spirits.
EXCELSIOR: Evil spirits, Minister Voss. What say you to that?
VOSS: My Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace is confused, my lady. He attaches too much weight to the ravings of a half-crazed survivor.
TRALFINIAL: And my Right Honourable friend the Minister for War is once again being economical with the truth. There are facts with which my lady Excelsior is perhaps less than fully acquainted.
VOSS: This isn't the appropriate forum, Tralfinial.
TRALFINIAL: As Voss will confirm, my lady, the war did not go well. Indeed, quite the reverse.
VOSS: Hold your tongue, Tralfinial.
(Weapon cocked.)
TRALFINIAL: Stay where you are, Voss. I don't want to kill you, but I will have my say.
EXCELSIOR: Minister Tralfinial, I am outraged that you should threaten to use a firearm in my chamber. Give it to me at once. This is not the proper way to conduct business.
TRALFINIAL: This isn't business, my lady. It's survival. Minister Voss has kept the truth from you since the war began, but nothing can be gained by continuing the pretence.
EXCELSIOR: Very well. Give me the gun.
TRALFINIAL: Not before I've spoken.
EXCELSIOR: Now, Minister!
VOSS: Do as my lady says, Tralfinial.
EXCELSIOR: I shall ensure that Minister Voss remains where he is, have no fear.
TRALFINIAL: My lady.
EXCELSIOR: Ah, thank you, Minister. You have acted wisely.
TRALFINIAL: Minister Voss will confirm that the situation outside this shelter is far more serious than has previously been reported to you.
EXCELSIOR: Oh?
TRALFINIAL: The number of casualties worldwide is far in excess of anything we predicted. The extent of the damage to Bortresoye is far greater than will make any kind of recovery possible. The truth is, my lady,
(Gunshots. Tralfinial gasps in pain. Thud.)
VOSS: My lady, you've just killed the Minister for Peace.
EXCELSIOR: Another unfortunate casualty of war, Minister Voss. I must consider morale. The brave people of Bortresoye are not ready to hear such anti-war propaganda. It will not be tolerated.
VOSS: No, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: I shall, of course, pay a glowing tribute to the life and work of the late Minister for Peace in my victory parade speech. I may even recommend him for a posthumous honour.
VOSS: Yes, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: And now, Minister Voss, I wish to know more about the Doctor and his friends.

C'RIZZ: Well, he's an archivist, responsible for looking after all the public records in the Central Archives. A lot of them are damaged or destroyed, but there's enough information to piece together the history of Bortresoye. Oh, you'd find it fascinating, Doctor.
CHARLEY: So while we were worrying about you, imagining all sorts of terrible things that could have happened, you were in a library reading books?
C'RIZZ: I had nowhere else to go, Charlotte. Well, you and the Doctor'd disappeared. What was I to do?
CHARLEY: I'm joking, C'Rizz. You did the right thing. At least you were safe there.
DOCTOR: Relatively, in as much as it's safe to be anywhere at the moment. What else did Requiem say to you?
C'RIZZ: It seems that the world's natural resources have been used up. The

water supplies are heavily polluted, the air is poisonous, nothing grows in the dead soil. Most of what people eat is chemical protein. I don't know how they've managed to stay alive.
DOCTOR: They haven't, C'Rizz. They're dead. Accept it. No one could possibly have survived in those conditions for long. Requiem and his friends are dead.
C'RIZZ: Why do you keep saying that, Doctor? They're not dead. I couldn't know all these things unless he told me.
DOCTOR: You could have got this information from books. By your own admission, you were surrounded by books. Maybe you read some of them, or parts of them, fell asleep, woke up in a confused state. Don't forget that you hadn't eaten or rested for hours. And convinced yourself that you'd met some survivors. You're not the only one who's seen ghosts since we left the last zone.
C'RIZZ: Really?
CHARLEY: You kept that quiet, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What I saw was a manufactured image. One of the Kro'Ka's conjuring tricks.
CHARLEY: What was it, this image?
DOCTOR: Nothing important. It wasn't real, just in my imagination. Random and painful memories, which is probably why he chose them. He seems to enjoy watching me squirm.
CHARLEY: He doesn't do anything without a reason. You must have worked that out by now. This is all part of some grand plan of his.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. You're giving him too much credit, as if he's somehow in control. I think he does nothing more than light the blue touch paper and retire to a safe distance. He's the monkey. Someone else is the organ grinder.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz is looking confused, Doctor. You'd better explain your metaphors.
DOCTOR: Sorry, C'Rizz. What I mean is that someone else is the power behind the throne, pulling the strings? Calling the shots.
C'RIZZ: Yes, got it, thanks.
DOCTOR: Good, because I'm running out of metaphors. Whatever else he's done, the Kro'Ka isn't responsible for bringing this planet to the edge of destruction. The blame for that rests entirely with its inhabitants.
C'RIZZ: We must take responsibility for what we've done. Well, that's what Requiem said.
DOCTOR: And he was right. A planet doesn't choose to destroy itself. Not as a rule, anyway. Barring the death of a sun, black holes or collision with some gigantic astral body, the likelihood is that those who live on any planet will eventually find a way of obliterating it. That's what so-called civilised societies seem to be particularly good at. This one is no exception.
(Footsteps.)
VOSS: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Minister Voss. I trust that you were able to find Minister Tralfinial?
VOSS: Alas, my Right Honourable friend the Minister for Peace has met with an unfortunate accident.
CHARLEY: You mean he's dead?
VOSS: Regrettably, yes.
DOCTOR: You know, Minister, after everything that's happened, you really can't afford to lose any more people.
VOSS: There's a craft, a rocket, well, more of a missile really, but it could be adapted to carry passengers.
DOCTOR: How much adaptation would it need?
VOSS: I'll take you to the silo. It's a few miles away, just outside the city perimeter. We can travel there by armoured troop carrier. Should be safe enough.
CHARLEY: Adapting a missile doesn't sound very safe to me. It was missiles that started this whole thing in the first place.
DOCTOR: I realise that, but it could be our only hope of escape. I have to get you away somehow. It has to be worth the risk. Minister Voss, does your rocket have the capability to travel beyond the planet's thermosphere?

VOSS: It was designed for space travel and then converted for use in the war effort.
C'RIZZ: Requiem said that plans for space exploration were cancelled and the budget spent on producing weapons.
CHARLEY: Utter madness.
DOCTOR: Pity you hadn't stuck to the original plan, Minister.
VOSS: It was necessary for us to defend ourselves, Doctor. We had no choice.
DOCTOR: No choice. No choice. Of course you had a choice, and you made the wrong one. You chose to go to war, and in doing so transformed your planet in to a lifeless rock hanging in space.
VOSS: You would do well not to moralise, Doctor. Have you never made a mistake in your life? Never made a decision you later came to regret? Never wanted to go back and do something a different way?
C'RIZZ: Doctor, we must get Charlotte away from here as soon as we can. She needs urgent help. Never mind who did what to whom and when. You can argue about that later.
DOCTOR: You're right, C'Rizz. Sorry, Charley.
CHARLEY: Oh, don't worry about me, Doctor. Go and see if the rocket works. Save as many people as you can.
DOCTOR: Ready when you are, Minister.
VOSS: I'll bring the troop carrier to this exit. Conditions outside are worsening rapidly.
C'RIZZ: I'll come with you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, C'Rizz. Stay with Charley. Make sure she doesn't get into any mischief.
CHARLEY: Ha, ha, very droll.
C'RIZZ: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: Take care.
(Receding footsteps.)

(Whispering voices.)
EXCELSIOR: Good people of Bortresoye, it is with a mixture of sadness and pride that I have to announce the death of Minister Tralfinial. Of my dear friend and colleague, Minister Tralfinial. Sounds better. In an ironic twist of fate, the Minister for Peace. The Minister for Peace has become the latest casualty of war.
REQUIEM: Excelsior.
EXCELSIOR: The Minister for Peace has become the latest casualty of war. Yes, I like that.
REQUIEM: Excelsior, I know you can hear me.
EXCELSIOR: Good people of Bortresoye, it is with a mixture of sadness and pride that I have to announce
REQUIEM: Listen to me!
EXCELSIOR: Oh go away, whoever you are. I have a speech to write.
REQUIEM: Don't you want to know what you've done? Don't you want to know what's happened to your people?
EXCELSIOR: Not particularly. Now go away.
REQUIEM: You're an evil woman, Excelsior, and you've destroyed us all.
EXCELSIOR: In an ironic twist of fate, the Minister for Peace has become the latest casualty of war.

C'RIZZ: Wherever we go next, it'll be idyllic and peaceful. There'll be no war, no fighting, no revolution, just freedom and harmony. We'll go for walks through beautiful countryside, along exotic shores the like of which we've never seen.
CHARLEY: You'll have to carry me.
C'RIZZ: You'll be able to walk. Charlotte, the first thing we'll do is get you the best medical attention.
CHARLEY: I want a hospital room with a magnificent view, handsome doctors on call twenty four hours a day, attentive nurses who'll bring me anything I ask

for, who'll cater for my every whim.
C'RIZZ: You'll have it all. Promise.
CHARLEY: Don't forget, twenty four hours a day. You want me to make a full recovery, don't you?
C'RIZZ: Of course. (pause) Do you think I'm going mad?
CHARLEY: What makes you say that?
C'RIZZ: Seeing ghosts, talking to dead people.
CHARLEY: That doesn't make you mad. If anything, it makes you gifted. A lot of people would envy you for having the ability to communicate with the spirit world.
C'RIZZ: Hmm. Not everyone believes in ghosts. The Doctor doesn't.
CHARLEY: The Doctor says that there's a logical explanation for everything. That's his belief. And irritatingly enough, he's usually right. Do you believe in ghosts?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. I often see L'Da, in my head, smiling as she used to be. Not as she was at the end, before I
CHARLEY: Before you freed her from a living death. Don't try to pretend it was anything else. Don't blame yourself for what happened. You did the best thing you could for her.
C'RIZZ: Yes. I know.
CHARLEY: Would you do the same for me?
C'RIZZ: The same?
CHARLEY: If I asked you to. If it was necessary.
C'RIZZ: If what was necessary?
CHARLEY: If the best doctors in the universe confirm that I'll be like this for the rest of my life. Paralyzed. Unable to do a single thing for myself ever again. Would you?
C'RIZZ: Would I kill you?
CHARLEY: Would you help me to die?
C'RIZZ: Is that what you want?
CHARLEY: No, it's not what I *want*. Well, I'm only going to hold you and the Doctor back, and why should you risk your lives to save mine? It doesn't make sense.
C'RIZZ: Don't you want to live?
CHARLEY: Not if I'm going to cause everyone else to die. You have to think of yourself, C'Rizz. If you see the chance to escape, any chance, take it. I'll understand.
C'RIZZ: You're coming with us, Charlotte. We're not going to leave you here, and that's final.

VOSS: We're almost there, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I only hope the rocket has survived the earth movements. Your planet is close to breaking up.
VOSS: If it hasn't, then we're lost. Look, there it is, Doctor. Yes, the last of our war rockets, and now our only means of escape.
DOCTOR: By our, you mean the handful of us who are left in the shelter, because there's no one else in the entire world. Isn't that right, Voss? No one and nothing. No living thing.
VOSS: It wasn't meant to be this way. The pre-emptive strike was intended to prevent war, to disable their offensive capability in advance of an attack. It *should* have worked.
DOCTOR: Bombs never work, Voss. Have you learnt so little from your own history? War breeds war. One leads to another, and then to another, and so on, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. You must be very proud of what you've achieved.
VOSS: What would you have me do, Doctor? Fall on my sword? Who would gain from that? It's too late to save my people. It's too late to save my planet. The bombs have done their work. But perhaps I can save you and your friends.
DOCTOR: Yes, and your own skin. If you don't mind, Voss, I'd rather die on this planet than do anything to help you escape from it. I wouldn't want your particular disease to spread.

VOSS: Think about C'Rizz. Think about Charley. Is it right that they should be denied the opportunity to escape just because you choose to take the moral high ground?
DOCTOR: Minister, I'm not sure there is a word to describe how many people you and your government colleagues are responsible for having killed! As war crimes go, this is about as bad as it gets, so you'll understand if I seem a little bit unforgiving.
VOSS: Very well. Then we stay, and we wait for the end to come. I hope your companions won't mind that you've signed their death warrants without telling them. They obviously trust you a great deal.
DOCTOR: Trust. Yes. I presume that the nuclear warhead is still inside the rocket?
VOSS: It will have to be removed before the launch, of course. Far too dangerous.
DOCTOR: Remove the warhead and we lose the energy source that'll get us to the nearest planet. That's assuming we survive the gravitational pull of this one, and the impact of its final collapse. I wouldn't put money on it if I were you, Voss. Not good odds.
VOSS: If we don't remove the warhead, Doctor, the amount of space for passengers is further limited.
DOCTOR: Even without the warhead, there won't be enough space for us all. Let's see, there are five of us left. How many would we need to lose to make this trip viable?
VOSS: That's a difficult question.
DOCTOR: I'm sure you'll have an answer. How many?
VOSS: Two, possibly three.
DOCTOR: Hmm. You know, during the flood in the lower levels, you came back to find *me*, didn't you? No one else. Not Charley, not the Nurse, just me. The only one who could help you escape in your rocket, which presumably you kept for exactly that purpose.
VOSS: You might think that, Doctor, but you'd be wrong. Now, are you going to help me or not?
DOCTOR: I'll check the engines and flight deck. You can dump as much excess baggage as you can. Anything that isn't nailed down and doesn't look important. We're need to clear a lot of space if we're going to squeeze five people up there.

CHARLEY: I hope the Doctor reached the silo without any problem. It's pretty dangerous out there.
C'RIZZ: Oh, don't worry, Charlotte. The Doctor can look after himself.
CHARLEY: Yes, but he's not indestructible. And I wouldn't trust Minister Voss for a second. His only interest in the Doctor is that he can pilot a
C'RIZZ: Shh.
CHARLEY: (sotto) What?
(Footsteps approach.)
EXCELSIOR: I don't know you, do I? You're not Bortresoyan.
C'RIZZ: I'm Eutermesan. My name's C'Rizz.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, this is Excelsior.
C'RIZZ: Ruler of Bortresoye. I've heard about you from some of your people.
EXCELSIOR: Oh yes, it's flattering that they talk about me, even though credit for the war must be shared with others. I'm such an inspiration for them.
C'RIZZ: There's nothing flattering about it, I can assure you.
CHARLEY: Don't, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: And what you call credit, they call blame. They blame you for the war, for the suffering and misery it's caused, for the useless waste of life. Where's the credit in that?
EXCELSIOR: Oh, you have a sharp tongue in your head, Eutermesan. Be careful that I don't have it torn out.
C'RIZZ: Be careful I don't throw you outside to die.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz!

EXCELSIOR: (laughs) Well, well, well, I like your friend, Charley. He speaks his mind. Tell me, C'Rizz, have you ever considered going into politics? I have a vacancy at the moment for the post of Minister for Peace. The previous post holder has er, resigned. Thinking about it, ah, a new Minister for Peace is an excellent idea. Strikes the right note. New face, new policies. We'll overlook the fact that you're not Bortresoyan. It would make such a refreshing change. The voting public are so fickle anyway, they'll hardly notice the difference.
C'RIZZ: I think you'll find, Excelsior, that your voting public are dead. They're in no position to worry about politics, or for that matter, anything else. Don't you understand? It's over. Finished. Gone.
EXCELSIOR: The Minister for War should be on my left, and you on my right at the victory parade. And Charley and I will choose something particularly fetching for you to wear beneath your chains of office. Something to match your er, ever-changing skin colour.
(C'Rizz growls.)
EXCELSIOR: Oh, no, no, no, don't say no without giving it serious consideration, C'Rizz. I rarely make such an offer twice.
C'RIZZ: No. Not on your life. Not ever.
EXCELSIOR: Excellent. Let me know as soon as you've made a decision.
C'RIZZ: I'm going for a walk, Charlotte. I'll come back when she's gone.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: It's all right, I won't go far.
REQUIEM: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: I said, I won't go far.
REQUIEM: This way, C'Rizz. This way.
(Whispering voices.)
C'RIZZ: Requiem, is that you? Where are you?
(Footsteps recede.)
EXCELSIOR: Are you comfortable there, Charley? You don't look very comfortable.
CHARLEY: I'm fine, really.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, are you sure?
CHARLEY: Quite sure.
EXCELSIOR: Shall I fetch you something to eat?
CHARLEY: No, thank you.
EXCELSIOR: I can feed you, if you like. I've watched the nurses doing it to the other patients.
CHARLEY: I'm not hungry.
EXCELSIOR: Well, thirsty, then. Let me fetch you something to drink.
CHARLEY: No, thank you. Please, I'm not hungry and I'm not thirsty. I'm fine.
EXCELSIOR: You don't like me either, do you.
CHARLEY: Not much, no.
EXCELSIOR: It's quite all right. It's not my job to win popularity contests. It's my job to make difficult decisions.
CHARLEY: Someone has to, I suppose.
EXCELSIOR: Decisions that may, occasionally, involve leading my people into war.
CHARLEY: Provoking a war, I think you mean. You started it.
EXCELSIOR: The war had been going on for as long as anyone could remember. At least now the fighting has stopped.
CHARLEY: There's no one left to fight, that's why. As a solution to war, it's a bit extreme. Pity you didn't come up with it sooner. Fewer people would have died because they wouldn't have been born in the first place. Perfect!
EXCELSIOR: Born?
CHARLEY: Yes, born. Wouldn't have come into the world, wouldn't have been created. Babies? Children growing up? Babies. You know what babies are?
EXCELSIOR: Babies?
CHARLEY: Young, The next generation. Oh, come on, you must know. There must have been children. Well, what happened when people died? How were

their numbers replaced?
EXCELSIOR: But they weren't.

C'RIZZ: I know you're here, Requiem. Please speak to me. I'm your friend. I need to talk to you. Requiem, please.
REQUIEM: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: I'm glad to see you. I'm sorry about what happened when we first arrived. You shouldn't have found out like that.
REQUIEM: It's true, isn't it. I'm dead.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, Requiem. I wish it wasn't true. I should have realised. Give me your hand.
REQUIEM: It passes straight through mine. Then it is true.
C'RIZZ: I'm so sorry.
REQUIEM: Don't be sorry for me. My suffering has ended. I feel no pain, no fear, no anxiety. Concern for you and your friends, but no more than that. Some anger towards those who destroyed my people.
C'RIZZ: You feel anger?
REQUIEM: A wish to see justice done. Anger is perhaps too strong a word.
C'RIZZ: You and your friends were murdered.
REQUIEM: It was war. People die in war. It is an inescapable fact. We go to war knowing that people will die, so we should not be surprised when they do.
C'RIZZ: If the Minister's rocket doesn't work, we'll be joining you soon.
(Big rumble.)
C'RIZZ: Very soon.
REQUIEM: All living things must die.
C'RIZZ: Where will you go?
REQUIEM: Go?
C'RIZZ: What will happen to the spirit world when this one ceases to exist? They must be linked in some way.
REQUIEM: The world will not end.
C'RIZZ: The spirit world.
REQUIEM: The world will not end. Not yet.
C'RIZZ: But all living things will die. That's what you said.
REQUIEM: No, C'Rizz. All living things *must* die, otherwise the world will end.
C'RIZZ: You're not making sense. Must die? Will die? What's the difference?
REQUIEM: The difference between life and death. The end of one journey is the beginning of another.

CHARLEY: Have your people ever been able to reproduce?
EXCELSIOR: I don't know. Any facility to biologically reproduce was an early evolutionary process that has long since been lost to us. The need to replenish our numbers was afterwards satisfied by other means.
CHARLEY: You're saying evolution's stopped?
EXCELSIOR: It was no longer required. We'd achieved the peak of our physical and intellectual development. I mean, there was always the risk that left to nature we could have evolved into something ugly and stupid. It was necessary to intervene.
CHARLEY: Well, you should have let nature get on with it, because the end result would have been the same. You and your people are still ugly and stupid. At least, the ones who allowed this war to happen.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, you can have no idea what it's like making decisions that'll affect the lives of millions. The relentless pressure, endless meetings, the long days, the sleepless nights. The burden of power is a heavy one indeed.
CHARLEY: If you're trying to make me feel sorry for you, don't bother. It was your decision to seek high office. You're not in that position by accident. If you didn't enjoy it, you could have walked away. But you *did* enjoy it, didn't you. You enjoyed the power. You enjoyed playing God.
EXCELSIOR: God?
CHARLEY: Never heard of God? Doesn't surprise me. There's no place for God here.

EXCELSIOR: What do you know about my people? What do you know about Bortresoye? Nothing. You and your friends walk in here and lecture me about what I should and shouldn't do for my people? This is my world, Charley, and if I choose to destroy it, then I shall do so.
CHARLEY: You're not as mad as you'd like us to think you are.
EXCELSIOR: What did
CHARLEY: C'Rizz is Eutermesan, but as far as you were concerned, the Doctor and I were from Bortresoye. We were survivors who were rescued and brought here to safety. Unless you knew that there weren't any survivors, that everyone outside this shelter was dead.
EXCELSIOR: I like you, Charley.
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
EXCELSIOR: Oh, you still don't look comfortable.
CHARLEY: I'm fine. Leave me alone.
EXCELSIOR: I can make you more comfortable.
CHARLEY: Excelsior, please, I don't want your help. Please go away.
EXCELSIOR: But I can make you much more comfortable. More comfortable than you've ever been in your life.
CHARLEY: (afraid) No! Get mmph!
(Muffled screams.)
EXCELSIOR: Just relax. That's right, Charley. Just relax. One more minute and it'll all be over.
(Screams fade to whimpers, and stop.)

VOSS: I've thrown out as much as we safely can, Doctor. There should be room for about three or four people.
DOCTOR: Still not enough, Voss. You'll have to start throwing out as much as you dangerously can. We're not leaving anyone here to die, and don't forget that Charley has to lie down.
VOSS: Are the engines in working order?
DOCTOR: Your rocket will fly, but the real question is how far and how fast. I've realigned the warhead so that it can be utilised for extra thrust, but it's a risk I'd rather not take. How much longer do we have?
VOSS: A matter of hours, then this planet becomes uninhabitable.
DOCTOR: Better get everyone over here from the shelter, just in case we have to make a quick getaway.
VOSS: I'll arrange it.
DOCTOR: Off you go, then. I've work to do. If I can attach that wire to that wire, the warhead shouldn't detonate before we leave the ground, otherwise we're not going anywhere.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Charley, could you hand me that soldering iron? It's. Charley? Minister Voss? Must be tired. Started to imagine things. Have to get this finished or we'll be too late.
CHARLEY: It's all right, Doctor. It's all right.
DOCTOR: Charley, is that you?
VOSS: You called me, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Charley. Something's happened to Charley. I have to get back to the shelter.
VOSS: Well, what about the rocket?
DOCTOR: Damn the rocket! I have to get back there now.

C'RIZZ: Charlotte? Charlotte, I've just been talking to Requiem. He's here. I didn't imagine him. He knows he's dead, and he seems to have accepted it. Nothing worries him any more. Oh, come on, Charlotte, wake up. This is important. You can sleep later. Hey, come on, sleepy. Rise and shine. Charlotte? Charlotte, no. No. No, no, no. Please, no. No!

[Part Four]

(Roar of flames.)
EXCELSIOR [OC]: Good people of Bortresoye, you and I have been deceived by those in whom we placed our most fervent trust. The worst is not past, as I had thought, but now upon us. We are faced with the greatest trial of our long and glorious history, my hopes for a bright future are fading with the day, and it seems that in this life I am to be parted from you forever. Not all will survive the final battle, but take comfort in the knowledge that many have gone before to that place where those of us who remain will soon follow. Where we'll be reunited with those we have lost. Where there will be no more pain, no more suffering, no more sacrifice. Where there will be only eternal rewards. The victory parade must wait until we meet again in a better life. As always, my people, the hopes and wishes of Excelsior go with you.

C'RIZZ: You can't be dead, Charlotte. No, you can't be dead. Please wake up. Please, Charlotte, open your eyes and wake up. Please, Charlotte! It can't end like this. It can't!
EXCELSIOR: What are you shouting about? I'm trying to work on my victory speech.
C'RIZZ: She's dead. She's dead. And you had something to do with it. You were the last to see her alive.
EXCELSIOR: And she was still alive when I left her, so don't start making allegations you can't prove. For all I know, you killed her yourself.
C'RIZZ: How could I kill Charlotte? She was my friend. I wouldn't have done anything to harm her.
EXCELSIOR: Perhaps it was a mercy killing. Perhaps you wanted to put her out of her misery.
C'RIZZ: I wanted to take her away from this place, to look after her, to make her well again. I wanted to give her a chance to live a normal life. But now it's too late. She's gone. Oh, what am I going to tell the Doctor?
DOCTOR: The Doctor already knows. Oh, Charley, what happened?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. I found her like this.
EXCELSIOR: We were too late, Doctor. There was nothing we could have done. It must have been her heart.
DOCTOR: Oh, Charley, Charley, what have I done to you? I'm so sorry, Charley. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. So cold. She's so cold, C'Rizz. She must have been dead a while. I asked you to stay with her. Where were you?
C'RIZZ: Talking to Requiem.
DOCTOR: Requiem is a ghost.
C'RIZZ: I know, but he was here. He wanted to speak to me. If I hadn't left her, she'd still be alive. Oh Charlotte, it's all my fault. I shouldn't have left you.
DOCTOR: If anyone's to blame, it's me. You're both here because of me.
C'RIZZ: We chose to come with you.
DOCTOR: That doesn't make me feel any better. You're still here because of me. Excelsior, do you know what happened? Did you see or hear anything, any disturbance?
EXCELSIOR: Only C'Rizz crying out when he found Charley lying there. What a terrible shock.
C'RIZZ: You know more than you're saying, Excelsior. I won't rest until I know the truth. What did you two talk about after I left?
DOCTOR: You and Charley were alone together?
EXCELSIOR: Oh, for a little while, yes. She asked me about my illustrious career. She was keen to find out how a woman could achieve such dizzy heights politically. I could see that she was tired, so I made sure she was comfortable and went back to my chamber to work on my speech. I can tell you nothing else.
C'RIZZ: She killed Charlotte, Doctor, I know it.
EXCELSIOR: You would do well to keep C'Rizz under control, Doctor. I don't like his tone.
DOCTOR: You're jumping to conclusions, C'Rizz. Don't make things worse.

C'RIZZ: How can they be worse, Doctor? Charlotte's been murdered.
DOCTOR: We don't know that she's been murdered. There's no evidence of it. There are no signs of a struggle.
C'RIZZ: Well of course there are no signs of a struggle. Charlotte couldn't move. She was completely defenceless.
DOCTOR: Stupid of me. I'm sorry, C'Rizz. I'm not thinking straight. It hasn't sunk in properly yet. And we don't have very much longer. The rocket is almost ready to be launched.
C'RIZZ: We're not leaving. We can't leave. Not now, not after what's happened.
DOCTOR: Particularly after what's happened. I've already lost one friend today, C'Rizz. I don't intend to lose another. You're coming with me.
C'RIZZ: No, Doctor, I'm staying with (pause) her body. I'm not going anywhere.
DOCTOR: Charley is dead. There's nothing we can do to change that. At least there's a chance I can still save you, save the rest of us. For pity's sake, C'Rizz, we can grieve later. She wouldn't have wanted us all to die.
EXCELSIOR: Excuse me, Doctor. You said something about a rocket?
C'RIZZ: Well, if she's going, I'm definitely staying.
DOCTOR: Don't be ridiculous, we're all going. Yes, Excelsior, there's a rocket and we need to get aboard it very soon if we're to stand any chance of not being destroyed with the planet.
EXCELSIOR: I'll need to pack my make-up bag and a few other things for the journey.
DOCTOR: Excelsior, we need to leave now. Any further delay could be fatal.
EXCELSIOR: I can't go without my make-up!
DOCTOR: Don't worry about your make-up.
C'RIZZ: Requiem said that the planet won't be destroyed.
DOCTOR: You'll forgive me, C'Rizz, if I don't accept the word of a ghost. My eyes and ears are telling me that this planet is on the verge of collapse, and I've no wish to be holding a debate about the supernatural when that happens. We should go.
C'RIZZ: But what about Charlotte? We can't leave her like this. It isn't right. We should, well, give her a decent burial, some kind of funeral service.
DOCTOR: The planet is about to explode.
C'RIZZ: Not according to Requiem.
DOCTOR: The planet is about to explode, and when the planet explodes, Charley will have the most spectacular funeral in the entire universe. Trust me, you wouldn't want to be standing anywhere within a hundred thousand miles of it. But I'd like to watch from a relatively safe distance. Now please, let's go.
C'RIZZ: Goodbye, Charlotte. Charley.
DOCTOR: After you, Excelsior. The troop carrier is waiting outside.
EXCELSIOR: Thank you, Doctor. Oh, such a shame about your friend. Such a waste of a life.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Charley. Until we meet again.

VOSS: Who's there? Is anyone up there? Doctor, is that you? I'm coming up.
(Footsteps on metal.)
VOSS: Who is that? Who's there? Come out where I can see you. Is that you, Doctor? I didn't hear you come back. You! But it can't be! You're dead! Stay away from me, you hear me? Stay awa-argh!
(Scream fades, then thud!)

EXCELSIOR: Good people of Bortresoye, at last I come amongst you to celebrate our victory, to acknowledge you
C'RIZZ: Doctor, what is she doing?
DOCTOR: Rehearsing her speech for the victory parade.
EXCELSIOR: This truly is a day for the history books.
C'RIZZ: She's insane.
DOCTOR: Almost certainly. It's possible that she thinks this *is* the victory parade, that she can see the crowds here waving and cheering, smell the rose petals falling from the sky. Mad as a hatter.

(Crash!)
DOCTOR: Jump, C'Rizz, jump!

DOCTOR: Are you all right?
C'RIZZ: What happened?
DOCTOR: A hole appeared in the road where there wasn't a hole before. I'm afraid we've lost our transport. It must be halfway to the planet's core by now.
C'RIZZ: And Excelsior?
EXCELSIOR: Oh, how much further do we have to go?
C'RIZZ: No, unfortunately not.
DOCTOR: Not much further, but the rest of it's on foot, I'm afraid. Can you walk?
EXCELSIOR: Of course I can walk, you fool. I'm not paralyzed.
C'RIZZ: I could kill her for that.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, leave it.

DOCTOR: Minister Voss should have created enough space inside the rocket for all of us. A bit of a squeeze, but on this occasion, comfort isn't exactly the top priority.
C'RIZZ: Without Charlotte, there are only four of us left. Minister Voss, Excelsior, you and me.
EXCELSIOR: Isn't that Minister Voss, lying on the gantry with his head at an alarming angle, looking rather like he's fallen from a great height.
DOCTOR: It probably has something to do with the fact that Minister Voss has fallen from a great height. Or was pushed.
C'RIZZ: He's dead, Doctor. Broken neck.
DOCTOR: Broken everything, I should think. Makes the seating plan a little bit easier. Should allow a little more leg room. So it's just the three of us now, Excelsior. You, C'Rizz, and myself.
EXCELSIOR: Er, four.
DOCTOR: Er, three, at the last count.
EXCELSIOR: Four, if you include Landscar.
DOCTOR: Landscar.
LANDSCAR: Excelsior's right, Doctor. Sorry to mess up your calculations.
DOCTOR: Not at all, Landscar. I felt sure that you'd died in the flood. Strong swimmer, I take it.
C'RIZZ: Who is he, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Good question, C'Rizz. Landscar is, or was, some sort of special advisor to Excelsior. To be honest, I'm not entirely sure.
EXCELSIOR: Landscar was more than an advisor, Doctor. He was an inspiration. He was teaching me to enhance my natural powers, and be truly at one with the planet.
DOCTOR: How very holistic, Landscar. Maybe I should get you to feng shui the Tardis, if I ever see it again.
LANDSCAR: Oh, you may mock, Doctor, but it's a pity that we don't listen to our planet more and listen to our selves less. We may learn something important about the nature of the universe. Oh, and I must apologise for having alarmed Minister Voss into falling to his death. He wasn't expecting to see me.
DOCTOR: He wasn't the only one. How many other people survived the flood?
LANDSCAR: None.
DOCTOR: You were very fortunate.
LANDSCAR: Fortunate to know the ways of this planet, to understand its moods, its temperament.
C'RIZZ: You make it sound like a living thing.
LANDSCAR: Of course it's a living thing. And like all living things, must one day perish.
C'RIZZ: All living things must one day die.
LANDSCAR: Excellent. Yes, you understand.
C'RIZZ: Do I? I don't think so.
DOCTOR: This planet is dying, that much is clear.
C'RIZZ: Requiem said that it isn't. Not yet.

DOCTOR: C'Rizz is referring to a ghost. Requiem is the ghost of someone who died prematurely and won't lie down.
LANDSCAR: Does it matter from where or from whom the message comes, Doctor? It's all a question of faith. Believe in the message, and you believe in the messenger.
DOCTOR: It's all a question of faith. Something the Kro'Ka said, it's all a question of faith.
EXCELSIOR: Are you coming with us, Landscar? I'm listening to the planet, and what it's telling me is to get away from here as soon as possible!
LANDSCAR: I'm disappointed. You of all people, Excelsior, you should understand. I tried to teach you to understand. We can't go on without you. All living things must die.
EXCELSIOR: Come if you wish, or stay if you wish. It's all the same to me. Doctor? I'll wait for you inside.
DOCTOR: Don't touch anything up there, Excelsior. You could set off the nuclear warhead by accident.

DOCTOR: The final sunset, C'Rizz. It has a terrible beauty, doesn't it?
C'RIZZ: I feel like I'm abandoning her. This isn't how it was meant to be, Doctor. She was meant to come with us. She was meant to travel with us always, and now we're leaving her behind. on a world a whole universe away from her own. A dying world. There'll be no memorial, no final resting place, nothing for us to visit when we feel some connection with her. She'll be gone for good. I don't think I can bear it that I'll never see her again. First L'Da, and now Charley. It seems that life's all about losing people.
DOCTOR: Life is all about people, C'Rizz. Finding them, losing them. Family, friends, those we love, Knowing that we'll lose them one day should help us to appreciate them more while they're alive, knowing that we won't have a second chance. Not unless there is life after death. I'd like to think that in order to get it right, we'll be allowed a second chance. We should go.
C'RIZZ: I'll be with you in a minute, Doctor.
DOCTOR: See you back at the rocket. Don't be long.
(Footsteps recede.)
C'RIZZ: Well, this is it, Charley. The Doctor and I have to leave you now. Please understand, whatever happens, wherever we go, we'll never forget you.
REQUIEM: You're leaving, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I have to, Requiem. To stay here is to die. The Doctor doesn't want me to die.
REQUIEM: What do *you* want? Life or death?
C'RIZZ: I don't know, Requiem! You know, I don't know. Life, I suppose. But not life without Charley.
REQUIEM: Dying isn't so bad, C'Rizz. You'll be able to see Charley again. And L'Da. And everyone else you ever lost.
C'RIZZ: Will I? Is that how it works?
REQUIEM: There's only one way to find out. You must choose. Life or death, C'Rizz. Life or death.
(Thunder crashes.)

LANDSCAR: Excelsior is waiting, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Waiting to abandon what's left of the planet she's helped to destroy. What about you, Landscar? There's room for one more.
LANDSCAR: Thank you, Doctor, but there's no escape for me. This is where I must stay.
DOCTOR: As you wish. Goodbye, Landscar.
LANDSCAR: Goodbye, Doctor, until we meet again.
DOCTOR: Not too soon, I hope.

(Door hisses open.)
EXCELSIOR: Hurry, Doctor. My life is at risk every moment you delay.

DOCTOR: Stop complaining, Excelsior. You're lucky to have got this far.
EXCELSIOR: How dare you talk to me like that! I'll have you executed.
DOCTOR: You are in no position to have anybody executed. Don't you understand? You've lost everything, and I do mean everything. Your people, your planet, your power, everything. You have absolutely nothing left.
EXCELSIOR: Close the door, seal the airlock. Take me away from this place now.
DOCTOR: We're not going anywhere without C'Rizz, and I'm not taking any more orders from you.
EXCELSIOR: What if he doesn't want to go?
DOCTOR: Then we stay.
EXCELSIOR: You're insane!
DOCTOR: That's the pot calling the kettle black.
EXCELSIOR: You'd put your life in his hands?
DOCTOR: As he has put his in mine. As all my companions have done whether I was deserving of their trust or not.
EXCELSIOR: You could have left me in the shelter to die. Why didn't you? Would have saved you a lot of trouble.
DOCTOR: I don't know why. Maybe I'm asking for trouble. Maybe it's a weakness of mine, collecting waifs and strays. If you'd rather I left you here, just say so. You can keep Landscar company.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, Landscar promised me great things. Great power.
DOCTOR: He was testing you.
EXCELSIOR: I was to be the last.
DOCTOR: The last what?
EXCELSIOR: The Last. It was to be my destiny to be truly at one with the planet.
DOCTOR: Which is fine while there's a planet to be truly at one with, but not when it's falling apart. Hence your interest in going somewhere else.
EXCELSIOR: Well, the end of one journey is the beginning of another.
DOCTOR: What did you say?
EXCELSIOR: An old Bortresoyan proverb. Ah! I begin to see what it means. This moment, my escape, was foretold. I was meant to be the last survivor of my people!
DOCTOR: I don't think you have a clue what it means. The end of one journey and the beginning of another. Something else the Kro'Ka said.
(Door hisses open.)
C'RIZZ: Ready, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Not a moment too soon, C'Rizz. Welcome aboard. Strap yourself in. You too, Excelsior. This is likely to be a very bumpy ride. Door closed, airlock sealed. Engines engaged. One, two, three, four.
C'RIZZ: Have you ever flown one of these, Doctor?
DOCTOR: What sort of a question is that to ask at a moment like this. Ready, everyone? Brace yourselves. Here goes!
(Engines start up.)

REQUIEM: Do you think the Last will return, Landscar?
LANDSCAR: Of course, Requiem. The Last has no choice but to return.

EXCELSIOR: Oh, it's crushing me. I can't breathe.
DOCTOR: Just hold on, hold on. Are you all right, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: Don't worry about me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: We're leaving the atmosphere. Boosters on. We've made it. The rocket's held together. I'll put her into a geostationary orbit above the planet. If the warhead's still intact, I can use it to propel us beyond the orbit and out into space. We've made it. You see, Excelsior? The money would have been better spent on your space exploration programme instead of producing weapons. At least you might have had a future.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, I still have a future, Doctor. There'll be other worlds, other people for me to lead.
C'RIZZ: You don't give up, do you. Not content with destroying your own planet,

you can't wait to destroy some others. Haven't you had enough?
(Weapon cocked.)
EXCELSIOR: I've certainly had enough of you.
DOCTOR: Put the gun away, Excelsior. This isn't a safe place to be waving firearms about.
EXCELSIOR: Tell you companion to keep his comments to himself unless he wishes to join Charley in the great hereafter. She must be very lonely without her friend.
DOCTOR: Don't rise to it, C'Rizz. Stay calm.
C'RIZZ: You killed her, didn't you. Oh, admit it, Excelsior. What have you got to lose?
EXCELSIOR: I did what any real friend should have done. It was a mercy killing. Charley didn't want to go on as she was. She wanted her independence, her freedom, and that's what I gave her. The only real freedom she could have.
DOCTOR: You killed her. You took away her freedom!
EXCELSIOR: I really don't see why I should have to justify my actions.
DOCTOR: Hasn't that been the problem all along? You've never justified your actions. You've lied about them, concealed them, you've dressed them up in propaganda, but you've never justified them. And you've never justified them because you can't. You are, without doubt, the most amoral individual I've ever had the displeasure to meet.
EXCELSIOR: Charley knew she'd never be able to walk again, so she asked me to end her misery. It was for the best. You should thank me, not condemn me.
DOCTOR: I don't think so.
C'RIZZ: Tell me that she didn't suffer, that the end was swift and merciful.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, don't be ridiculous. Why would I tell you a thing like that? Charley died in the most excruciating agony, and of course put up absolutely no struggle at all.
C'RIZZ: I'll kill you!
DOCTOR: No, C'Rizz, that's enough. You'll only make the situation worse.
C'RIZZ: She killed Charley in cold blood. I'm not going to let her get away with it!
DOCTOR: Don't antagonise her. She won't hesitate to use the gun.
EXCELSIOR: You should listen to the Doctor.
(Gunfire. C'Rizz briefly cries out in pain.)
DOCTOR: No!
(Thud.)
DOCTOR: Why did you do that?
EXCELSIOR: Well, he was threatening me. You saw him. You're a witness.
DOCTOR: You had the gun.
C'RIZZ: Sorry, Doctor. I couldn't help myself.
DOCTOR: You, you'll be all right, C'Rizz. Don't try to move.
C'RIZZ: That's one of the disadvantages of being exoskeletal. All the bleeding is inside.
DOCTOR: You'll be fine. Just don't move.
C'RIZZ: Doctor.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz. Don't die, C'Rizz. Don't die. I can't lose you and Charley. Not like this.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte. She's here. She's here.
DOCTOR: She's not here, C'Rizz. Stay with me.
C'RIZZ: There she is, looking at me, smiling. Hello, Charley.
(Final breath.)
DOCTOR: First Charley and then C'Rizz. You'll have to kill me, Excelsior, because I'm certainly not taking you away from this planet. We'll hang here in space until we rot.
EXCELSIOR: Brave words, Doctor. Do you value your life so little?
DOCTOR: My only friends are dead, my Tardis is missing, I'm trapped in a universe which bears no relation to my own. I'm not exactly glad to be alive at the moment. Death is becoming an attractive alternative.
EXCELSIOR: It's not a good feeling, is it, losing everything you value.

DOCTOR: Don't compare my loss with yours. You brought it all upon yourself.
EXCELSIOR: And you haven't?
DOCTOR: Of course not.
EXCELSIOR: Whose fault is it you're in this universe? Whose fault is it you're here? Would your friends have died if it hadn't be for you? Think about it. You've brought it all upon yourself.
DOCTOR: No, I refuse to believe that. Charley and C'Rizz chose to travel with me. I didn't force them. It was their choice. I don't know why I'm talking to you. I should kill you with my bare hands for what you've done. I never hated anyone in my life, Excelsior, but I hate you now with every fibre of my being.
EXCELSIOR: You'll get over it. And I need to get away from that planet down there. Are you going to pilot this rocket or do I have to work it out for myself?
DOCTOR: Don't touch those controls.
EXCELSIOR: (laughs) So you're not that keen to die. There's still some fight left in you.
DOCTOR: I'm not afraid to die. Not if it means taking you with me. I'd be doing this universe a gigantic favour. Millions of inhabitants on a thousand worlds would thank me for it.
EXCELSIOR: A thousand worlds for me to conquer. Millions of people to kneel down before me.
DOCTOR: Tell me, have you always been so power mad, or did it come with the job?
(Rumble.)
EXCELSIOR: What was that?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Something's wrong.
EXCELSIOR: We're moving!
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, the rocket's changing direction. It's coming out of its geostationary orbit. But it can't do that on its own. That would be impossible.
EXCELSIOR: (scared) Take the controls. Doctor, I command you to take the controls.
DOCTOR: Even if I did, they wouldn't respond. The settings are jammed. Someone else is in control. Someone who wants us back on the planet.

LANDSCAR: Welcome back, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Landscar. Welcome back to consciousness or welcome back to the planet?
LANDSCAR: Both.
DOCTOR: Despite the speed of our descent, it must have been a smooth landing. The rocket seems intact, and I don't appear to have broken any bones. What about Excelsior? Tell me that she wasn't so fortunate.
LANDSCAR: She'll regain consciousness presently.
DOCTOR: Look at her lying there, sleeping the sleep of the just. She murdered my friends, you know. Both of them, Charley and C'Rizz, in cold blood.
LANDSCAR: As she has taken the lives of countless other, directly or indirectly. Which is why she could not be allowed to leave this planet, or else the cycle will be incomplete.
DOCTOR: The cycle?
LANDSCAR: The cycle of life and death, Doctor, without which the planet cannot hope to purify itself.
DOCTOR: How did we get here? Who or what controlled this rocket's return to the planet surface?
LANDSCAR: Everything must die.
DOCTOR: Answer my question. Did you bring us back? Was it you, Landscar? Do you have that power?
LANDSCAR: Only the planet has that power. Only the planet can summon such forces of nature to do its bidding.
DOCTOR: Are you saying that this world has a mind of its own? That it can think and reason?
LANDSCAR: If those who are granted custody of a planet fail in their duty to keep it safe, the planet must find another way to survive. Even at the cost of

every living thing. And once the last living thing has died, only then can the cycle begin again.
DOCTOR: The last. That's what Excelsior called herself. But I don't think she understood its significance.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, help. Help me up, Landscar.
LANDSCAR: My dear lady.
EXCELSIOR: And you, Doctor. Give me your hand.
DOCTOR: I shall do no such thing.
EXCELSIOR: Oh, thank you, Landscar. Is everything ready for the victory parade? My people have waited long enough.
LANDSCAR: Everything is ready, my lady.
EXCELSIOR: How do I look?
DOCTOR: You don't really want to know.
EXCELSIOR: Hair? Make-up? Pity about the gown. Still, I can have a new one made for the next war.
DOCTOR: No wonder the planet wants you dead.
EXCELSIOR: Open the door, Landscar. I'm ready to meet my people.
LANDSCAR: Very well, my lady.
(Door hisses open. Thunder and rain.)
DOCTOR: Can't you see what's out there? This world is coming to an end. It's tearing itself to pieces. It's dying. There is no victory parade.
EXCELSIOR: Of course there's a victory parade! Can't you see them, their smiling faces? Oh, hundreds of them, thousands of them, waving banners, calling my name. Oh, oh, my people love me. Good people of Bortresoye, at last I come amongst you to celebrate our victory, to acknowledge your salute, to accept you generous gifts and tributes. This truly is a day for the history books. A day for us all to remember. A day for everyone to rejoice and give thanks that we have come through it all unscathed. Argh!

(Door hisses open and closed.)
DOCTOR: Consumed by a new volcano. Excelsior's truly at one with the planet now. But if she was the Last, who are you?
LANDSCAR: I am the eyes and ears of the planet. Its representative.
DOCTOR: Conjured into existence, I suppose.
LANDSCAR: Sent here to ensure that the Last is dead, that the cycle can begin again, and that each cycle will bring the population closer to an understanding of the world upon which it lives.
DOCTOR: So the same people keep dying and being reborn and dying again in a search for perfection, until the planet decides that it's safe to break the cycle?
LANDSCAR: People will learn, little by little.
DOCTOR: Or continue to die in the attempt. But the Last is dead. Why hasn't the cycle started again? The world is still about to end.
LANDSCAR: The Last is not dead.
DOCTOR: But you saw for yourself. Excelsior couldn't have survived a volcanic eruption like that. She was standing right at the top of it.
LANDSCAR: Excelsior was the Last before you came here. Before you emerged from the Interzone.
DOCTOR: You know about the Interzone?
LANDSCAR: I know that you passed through several zones before arriving in Bortresoye.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I don't quite understand how the Bortresoye zone can be destroyed without affecting its neighbours.
LANDSCAR: Bortresoye isn't a zone, Doctor, it's the actual planet upon which the zones have been placed.
DOCTOR: By the Divergents?
LANDSCAR: By whom?
DOCTOR: Interesting. You understand the concept of the crucible world, but not the name of those responsible.
LANDSCAR: Doctor, you must listen to me. Many more lives than our own are at risk if the cycle isn't allowed to continue.

DOCTOR: If the crucible planet is to avoid the final destruction
LANDSCAR: You see, Doctor, you are now the Last, and all living things must die.
DOCTOR: So I must die.
LANDSCAR: To start again. To start afresh with nothing. The end of one journey is the beginning of another. The journey will not be complete until the Last is dead, and then it will begin again.
DOCTOR: If I die, what will happen to me?
LANDSCAR: It's all a question of faith, Doctor. The end of one journey is
DOCTOR: Is the beginning of another. I think I've got that now. But do I wait to die, or am I allowed to speed things up a bit?
LANDSCAR: You have a bomb. It will be quick and painless.
DOCTOR: Of course, the last warhead. What if I don't want to die?
LANDSCAR: You will die with the planet unless you die first to save it. The choice is yours.
DOCTOR: And what a choice it is. I've never really thought of myself as suicidal.
LANDSCAR: You must decide, Doctor. You must decide soon. You are the Last. You never know, you may have been the catalyst. You might really have been the Final Last.
DOCTOR: The warhead is primed. All I have to do is turn that key, press that button, and it's all over. It's all over. Ah, what the hell.
(Click, kaBOOM!)

(Cheering crowd.)
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor, over here!
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: Over here!
DOCTOR: Charley, thank goodness you're all right.
CHARLEY: Where have you been? We thought you'd got stuck in the Interzone. We were worried about you.
DOCTOR: We?
CHARLEY: Are you sure you're all right, Doctor? You look like you've seen a ghost.
DOCTOR: It's funny you should say that.
C'RIZZ: Excuse me. Doctor!
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, you're both safe.
CHARLEY: Of course. Oh, it's lovely here. Everyone's so friendly.
C'RIZZ: You almost missed the victory parade.
DOCTOR: Oh no, don't tell me there's been a war?
REQUIEM: A war of words, my friend.
C'RIZZ: Oh, this is Requiem, Doctor. He works at the City Archive. Oh, you should see the books they have there.
DOCTOR: Hostilities were averted.
CHARLEY: That's why there's a celebration.
REQUIEM: The diplomats were able to sort it out amongst themselves before a single shot was fired. Ministers Voss and Tralfinial have signed up to a multilateral disarmament, and are brokering a deal for lasting peace. It's a great day for Bortresoye.
DOCTOR: Greater than you can imagine.
CHARLEY: Their leader, Excelsior, is about to make her victory speech, Doctor. She's a wonderful role model. And look at that victory gown. Maybe *I* should think about a career in politics.
DOCTOR: If I were you, I'd go for something a bit less dangerous. Alligator wrestling or bomb disposal.
(Whoosh!)
DOCTOR: The Interzone. Charley, we need to go. C'Rizz.
CHARLEY: Oh, but Doctor, we'll miss the speech.
DOCTOR: Don't worry, Charley, I've heard it all before. This is one loop I don't mind being left out of.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor.

C'RIZZ: Goodbye, Requiem.
REQUIEM: Goodbye, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Oh, Doctor, Charlotte, wait for me.
EXCELSIOR [OC]: We have survived a dark chapter in our history, No price for freedom is too high. But we must count the cost of war and do all that we can to prevent such a dark chapter from happening again.